THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume III | New York, Wednesday, February 10, 1926 | Number 14

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THE IRISH FOUNDERS

THE twenty-fourth report of the American Irish Historical society, just issued, is a modest publication, but it contains material which the historian of the future, if he be honest, will not neglect, and which the statesman and publicist of the present, if he be wise, will not leave out of his calculations. Only men who write history are aware how greatly truth is indebted to the labors of men who are content to be "annalists." They delve into obscure and musty files; they ransack archives inaccessible to the general public; they rescue from oblivion, and, as it were, piecemeal, precious items that are all the more convincing for being written in the naïve language of their day. They provide the scientific historian with his material, and the protestor against untruth with his weapons.

The society's report, for the major portion of which Mr. Michael O'Brien, its very active historiographer, is responsible, is one more instance of a lively historical curiosity, which is very much in the American air at the present moment. If it has been slow to assert itself, there is good reason for the delay. There is seed time and harvest time. Periods during which history is being made are seldom the periods during which it is being intensively written. Whenever a country has been a big and outstanding success, the story of its past always tends to acquire the rigid character of apotheosis. The man who would disturb the symbols and legends which have been consecrated by the worship of generations, were it only to rid them of a little of the dust which legend has deposited, fares ill at the hands of those who are the appointed (or self-appointed) guardians of Valhalla.

The change that has come over the historical spirit in the United States must, in great part, be laid at the door of thoughtful writers who do not share the complacency of a generation ago. The first rapture of achievement is expending itself. The quality, apart from the quantity of the life that has filled the continent from coast to coast, is undergoing examination. The mere fact that the experiment went so well is not allowed to hinder a vision that it might have gone better. The zeal and enthusiasm of the men who inaugurated it no longer conceal the slenderness of their spiritual and intellectual baggage. The knowledge is spreading that the sources of American life are not so homogenous as was once believed. There is more than a suspicion that the obliterations of a common function —to clear, to settle and to upbuild—covered a host of differences—racial, religious and economic—which are only now beginning to assert themselves and whose

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result is seen in the complexities and occasional discords that mark the present American scene. The Protestant and Anglo-Saxon armature that enclosed the fabric during its period of growth is, quite obviously, feeling the strain.

To prevent the process assuming a violent and bitter character is the task of every man and woman of good will, no matter their race or religion. The task of the historian is subsidiary, but no less useful. This is to point out, in the face of those who ignore or deny, the fact that these differences are no affair of yesterday. They are contemporary with the roots of our nation. Their right to be recognized and to contribute their quota of beliefs and preferences rests upon the firm and unassailable ground that the men who shared them were partners in the effort, and co-founders of the Republic.

In his paper on Grants to Irish Settlers in Virginia, Mr. O'Brien has let down his net into rich waters, and the haul is commensurate. In a list of 1144 grants to settlers, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in a word, practically from the foundation of the colonies, names as ominous to Anglo-Saxon homogeneity as Brady, Burke, Dougherty, Flannagan, Hogan, Kelly, McCarthy, O'Daniel, and O'Longan, are making their appearance with a frequency that the future hundred percent historian will have to deplore (and explain) as best he may. These names, be it noted, are "exclusive entirely of the great numbers of Irish people of the laboring and artisan class who are mentioned in other Virginian records." They are substantial landowners, jurymen, and selectmen, whose sons and grandsons will be the doctors, and lawyers of the succeeding generations, and help largely to officer the armies of the infant republic. As a reward for his industry in unearthing this little suspected mass of detail, no one will grudge Mr. O'Brien his amusement when contemplating brother workers (or shirkers) who tell us that "the Irish did not begin to emigrate to this country until long after the Revolutionary war," not to speak of those who claim that "none came to America until the building of the Erie canal."

The researches that have led Mr. O'Brien to his conclusion that a "spurious chapter" has been added to American history in the interests of sectarian prejudice are too lengthy to do more than refer to. But his conclusion should be quoted. For inherent in it lies a fallacy that will have to be squarely met by any future historian who sets out to write a history of the American people that scholars and students all over the world will regard as final.

This fallacy Mr. O'Brien picturesquely entitles the Scotch-Irish Myth and deals with it as all such things should be dealt with—by a bald statement of fact. That Irishmen of Celtic race were sharers of American fortunes from as early as 1636, even in New England, may be ignored. It cannot be refuted for documentary evidence exists that it so happened. The very unfriendliness of the comment upon their arrival by the dominant party (genial Cotton Mather refers to it as "a formidable attempt of Satan and his sons to unsettle the colonists") is evidence that they came in under no false national colors. But, in order that the Protestant balance of history may not be disturbed, advantage is taken of the religious strife and injustice afflicting their country to label them as "Scotch-Irish" (or Ulstermen).

"The numerous extracts from the . . . colonial records . . . prove beyond question that the vast majority of the emigrants from Ireland in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were of old Irish stock. The names of these people also indicate that they were generally of the Catholic faith, but, because of the fact that they could not practise their religion in the colonies, their children naturally drifted into association with those of other creeds and in course of time they became non-Catholic. But the fact that they were non-Catholic did not de-Irishize them. . . . and that is the whole sum and substance of the Irish argument."

Nor is this all. Forced to conduct his enquiry with the aid of distinguishing names, the annalist is bound to miss many which conceal Celtic blood under English names imposed upon the Gael from the days of Queen Elizabeth. The frequency with which later immigrants whose faith and blood are evident, come to our shores bearing such names as Smith, Clark, and Jackson, show how untrustworthy is all supposition of Anglo-Saxon blood based upon Anglo-Saxon patronymics when there is any evidence to the contrary.

To the American Catholic the loss of the Faith to the earlier Irish immigrants will never present itself as anything save a tragedy. One pictures the process so easily and vividly. For a century all factors—severance from pastors and sources of grace, the call of worldly advantage and the call of passion, social and economic pressure, the evil chances of death and separation, exerted themselves in the direction of conformity. What unrecorded episodes of heroic resistance marked the process will never, perhaps, be known, though there are gleams and glimpses of it in ancient town records. But the regret of Americans of Irish race and Catholic belief that the precursors of the great immigration did not keep the old religion will not prevent them from a belief that God's providence ordered the first wave as well as the last.

Blood calls to blood obscurely and by devious ways. Who can be sure that the destiny which kneaded Irish blood into the fabric of America from the start did not play its part in the tolerance written into its constitution on the day America became a nation? Certainly not those to whose imagination comes home the full force of King David's prophetic phrase, which one would like to see inscribed on the banner of every Irish organization which recalls the ancient racial bond: "Like arrows in the hand of the Lord are the children of those who were cast out."

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Published weekly and copyrighted 1925, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH HELEN WALKER

HENRY LONGAN STUART GEORGE N. SHUSTER

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Editorial Council

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BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

Subscription Rates Yearly: $10.00 Single Copies: $0.20

WEEK BY WEEK

THE Senate, by resorting to the closure rule, made possible, after years of debate, the adherence of the United States to the World Court. By hook or crook the thing was destined to happen, and it is natural that many should, in their disgruntled fashion, speak of crook. In its final form the measure was really of very small importance, excepting in so far as it brings us closer to the modern European machinery of conduct. Typically enough, the East came to the support of the Harding-Hughes-Coolidge-Swanson measure, while the Middle-West just as characteristically supposes that some sinister deed has been accomplished in the dark. The Chicago Tribune represents the territory it serves by commenting editorially on the possible bad precedent established in invoking the closure privilege to hurry through a measure "about which there should have been a thorough debate." And Senators Borah and Reed can, if they so desire, make the political weather very warm for many a member of Congress whose enthusiasm for foreign affairs led him to overlook the viewpoint of the folks back home. Of course, the World Court cannot now be comfortably shelved. It will stalk abroad because the people who sponsored the thing have another to battle for, and then still another. The road to Geneva is a furlong shorter. But concerning the Court itself, there is very little reason to be alarmed. It is so perfectly insulated that it can be guaranteed not to hurt the tenderest skin or ruffle the most sensitive soul. European statesmen seem not even to have given it a welcome.

THE New York World has done a valuable and courageous thing in challenging what it terms "the issuance of non-voting stock to the public and the retention of voting stock by promoters, private bankers, and insiders." This practice has become so general during recent years that it constitutes one of the most remarkable financial phenomena of the era. Very likely it was dictated by the fact that, like the vote that goes with citizenship, the average investor neglected his privilege because it was difficult to exercise and didn't seem to matter greatly anyhow. But, as the World observes editorially, disenfranchisement cannot be divorced from results. "If it is true that the owners of industry are quite incapable not only of managing industry but even of holding the managers of industry accountable for results, then the private ownership of industrial property has lost the chief justification claimed for it during the last 150 years. It has always been asserted that the interest of the owner of property was the best public guarantee of the wise social use of his property. Now it is argued that the owner is necessarily both ignorant and impotent, and that he ought to be disenfranchised immediately." Nor does it seem unreasonable to suppose, with the same writer, that the continuance of such a viewpoint will eventually lead to clamor for governmental control of corporate industry. Stock ownership is so modern a form of property that many small investors have not yet realized the fact that it is essentially the same thing as having a farm or a holding. Eventually, however, this will be understood perfectly; and those who count on the willingness of the many to entrust their property to the control of an irresponsible few, might well stop to ask if a farm owner is indifferent to what is done with his farm, or if the grant of a lease involves no question about the tenant.

"A MILESTONE in the development of Catholic social doctrine"—this is the estimate placed upon the recent pastoral letter of the bishops of Austria by the editor of the Viennese Schönere Zukunft. The letter differs somewhat from similar pronouncements in that it specifies two modern tendencies for definition and condemnation. In the statement that "the banking world has become the ruling power in many countries," there is a direct reference to the rôle which inflation and food monopolies have played in the Austria which has followed the war. In the counsel to "beware of socialistic unions and organizations, which will impose oppressive yokes," one may find a reference to experience with various forms of communism, all of which have promoted disorder and conflict in southeastern Europe. It is to be hoped that the bishops' letter will have the effect of bringing to the fore another strong leader who shall carry on the work of Lueger or Doctor Seipel.

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BY way of contrast, the department of social action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference believes that certain business facts predict a change in the attitude of American labor to what constitutes an adequate reward for work done. "The fact is, large sections of the people are not sharing equally in the wealth we produce. Those who are falling particularly short are the wage workers, the lesser salaried workers, and the farmers," says the report. It bases this conclusion on data supplied by the Federal Reserve Board to show that since 1919 the production of factories in the United States has increased 30 percent, while the number of those employed has decreased, and the average wage has remained stable. It argues that the present eagerness to develop foreign trade and to participate in financial enterprise outside this country is the result of the fact that production has increased wealth to a point where it can no longer be used to advantage in domestic commerce. Why should not those who "are falling particularly short" ask for "a share of the increased production"? And they are, of course. This is the line of attack followed by various unions now engaged in attempts to increase the earnings of their members, and this is obviously the background of the farmers' clamor for a readjustment of their enterprise to the general rhythm of American industrial life.

ASPECTS of the contemporary industrial debate were dealt with incisively in two recent addresses by Catholic scholars. Speaking to the Marquette Women's League, assembled in Milwaukee, Dr. George Derry commented upon the historical origins of wage slavery and economic inequality. It is an old question, this "how" of the growth of modern business during three centuries of aloofness from the charities of organized Christendom—a question the Catholic reply to which was framed by Dr. Derry by saying, in the spirit of the immortal labor encyclicals, that "the progressive divorce of madly competitive business from morals and religion had enabled the capitalistic and oligarchic régime to enslave labor." One must doubt, however, that business is the only modern affair to have been divorced "from morals and religion." The entire problem of Christian standards in social life was the subject of a brilliant address to the Social Service Council of Canada by Dr. John A. Ryan. Making the point that "after the stage of moderate income and plain living has been passed, there follows a decay of religious fervor and of vital faith," he supported the contention that a "maximum living expense" should be adopted by those whose financial success indicates "that they should give a larger proportion of their incomes to charitable and religious causes" than the relatively poor are able to sacrifice. Such a voluntary curtailment of luxury would be not merely healthful, but also exemplary and corrective of limping standards.

THE circular letter which Bishop McDevitt, of Harrisburg, chairman of the press department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, has addressed to all the bishops of the country, calling their attention to the fact that February has been set aside as Catholic Press Month, and inviting them to address the faithful on the importance of the movement for which it stands, is certain of immediate response; indeed, two Sundays ago in the archdiocese of New York, a pastoral letter from His Eminence Cardinal Hayes, was devoted to the subject. The time has long gone by when an invitation to Catholic journalism to be "as good as" the lay press, could be taken as an inspiration. The blight that has descended upon all but a few outstanding organs, the standardization that has spread like a miasma from shore to shore, stifling individuality under an avalanche of syndicated articles and snippets of cheap worldly wisdom, is deplored by all men with whom the days of the great editors, the Greeleys, Danas, Jenningses, and Wattersons, are a tradition.

TO go a great deal further than the comic strip and canned feature organs of "opinion," Catholic journalism will not have to aim at the stars. Indeed, there is every sign that, within the limits its smaller circulation permits, it has already overshot them in a great deal that appeals to the more thoughtful public. The service that such an organization as the National Catholic Welfare Conference renders to the press is by no means confined to its Catholic readers. Very often the failure of the lay press to feature religious news is due, not to sectarianism or neglect, but to sheer failure to realize its national or international significance. The comparative frequency with which such information is picked up and made the basis of articles or comment (with or without credit being given where credit is due) proves that the value of the Catholic press, as an adjunct and news-source, is by no means ignored. But even greater than a value which accrues to Catholic journalism, as it were, by accident, is the faithful discharge of something that is its true function. This is nothing less than to correct the false perspective of a world.

THE overweening space given to profane and unsocial activities is only partially corrected by remedial comment on editorial pages. It is best dealt with, "pari passu," by news stories that show, in the forcible and effective fashion which belongs to statements of fact, how much human energy is being spent to bring about the kingdom of God upon earth. In order to find them it is likely that the Catholic for some years to come will have to turn to Catholic journalism, as such. But it is only a question of time, and of the faithfulness of the Catholic journalist to his trust, before the leaven, which his faith has hidden away in the colossal business of chronicling the daily life of

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the world, becomes effective for the end which all men of heart and brain must have in view—the regeneration of the press and its restoration to a position deserving of the lofty title once bestowed upon it as the fourth estate.

IT seemed to be taken for granted by those in attendance at a recent convention of journalism teachers that the most valuable aspect of their work was the school paper. Time was when the neat pink coverlets and halting rhymes which characterized these timid little weeklies and quarterlies disgusted the campus and amused the elderly. But today there are press associations for the uplift and guidance of growing editors; and the idea of letting the young fellow express his own point of view about affairs, books, and people is sensibly and steadily gaining ground. One picks up a recent issue of the Canterbury Quarterly—of New Milford, Connecticut—for instance, and finds Mr. Henry Caren writing about magazines. "First, there is the conservative magazine which appeals to elderly ladies who still cling to traditions," he says. "Secondly, there is the less conservative, read by those who are said to comprise a good part of the well educated of the country. Finally, there are those whose ideas are slightly radical, and whose readers believe that conservatism is dead and should be buried." We admit that the classification is a little general. We also feel that, given time and inclination, we might have arrived at it ourselves. But this lad in a preparatory school shows that he is growing to manhood in an academic environment which does not atrophy his faculties of observation or deny him the privilege of recording his findings. The Canterbury Quarterly and many of its companion magazines are really more interesting than is usually imagined. They are the logbooks of new minds, and have a charm of mental adventure which can seldom attend the melancholy publications of the older and—less wise.

"IT is when night prevails that it is fine to believe in the light," says Rostand's Chanticleer in resuming an old definition of courage. And, perhaps, there have been few years in human history so challenging to bravery and manly hope as the ashen seasons through which Austria has been forced to live since the débâcle of her armies—years of tangled régimes and tattered bread-lines; of poets starving and sane men driven to madness; of frenzied revolution against the old bonds and courtesies. Therefore, it is a pleasure to note the title of Dr. Joseph Eberle's new journal and to observe its success. Schönere Zukunft is the German for "a better future" and might well seem to its Viennese audience a little romantic or even audacious. But the paper itself is almost a model for independent journalism, being both a weekly review of events of interest to the Christian world and the organ of intelligent critical comment on outstanding themes. "We must not be afraid of the task of using the whole of the cultural energies of the Church that has lived for 2,000 years," says the editor. "But the ideas and principles upon which this culture has been founded must be just as essential a part of our conversation and our writing as they are of our private lives. Let us have more religious thought, more intellectual substance, more concern with the things which are eternal in their essence." It is a courageous program defended by men who have been good fighters during many years. If the feeble and slumbering Victorian age needed the violent optimism of Browning, then possibly this charge of Catholic force in ancient Vienna is the movement that, long expected and earnestly desired, will rescue faltering souls.

IT would be interesting to know, not so much who is responsible for Theatre Guild literature, as to what exact category of our citizenry the writers who turn out their entertaining programs imagine they are addressing their remarks. In a program note which makes an attempt to facilitate understanding of that somewhat turgid and nebulous offering, Goat Song, the author has seen fit to add a little fog of his (or her) own devising. The audience is advised that, at the period in which its symbolism takes place (the year 1790) the inhabitants of the Balkans were "steeped in the superstition which had lain like a cloud over the middle-ages, and had not been dispelled by Voltaire's flaming lamp of reason." A few comments upon this remarkable statement seem in order.

IN the first place, we believe it would be hard to find in contemporary France, a single thinker or writer, even of the third class, who would care to invoke the name of the philosopher of Ferney as his authority for an attack on old fashions of belief, however primitive. It is not that the will to disbelieve has grown weaker with time. It is quite simply that Voltaire as its advocate has been discredited and outgrown. In the order of thought, at least, the French are a progressive nation. The sceptic of today regards the ammunition with which Voltaire furnished his generation in about the same light as the modern soldier regards a muzzle-loading musket. It has become the property of the town-councilor anxious for more "priests to eat," or the commercial traveler who demolishes God between sales: "There ain't no God, and I can prove it." His "philosophy" is still heard, but rather in country cafés and pool-rooms than in lecture halls or in theatres which aim to amuse and instruct an audience of the intelligent—to say nothing of the intelligentsia. So far as these are concerned, the last echoes of Voltaire's cacophonous treble died out with M. Homais, the unforgettable pharmacist of Yonville. It has about as much to do with rationalistic thought of today as the stentorian bellowings of the late Colonel Ingersoll.

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THE second consideration is suggested by a correspondence exchanged during the past few weeks between Mr. Bruce Bliven, managing editor of the New Republic, and Dr. Eugene Callahan, spiritual director of the Holy Name society. For reasons best known to the editor of the liberal weekly, the letters have not received the hospitality of its printed columns. They refer to an article published in the issue of January 13 concerning the general question of profanity on the stage, which brands a suggested crusade by members of the society against its use as a "cowardly evasion." The article further invites those who are interested in seeing respect still surround the name of the Redeemer, to begin their campaign by striving "to deodorize the conversation of the general public," presumably through wholesale collision with truckmen, brakemen, janitors, and other units of the population proverbially careless of their language. In inviting the Holy Name society to what he terms, with considerable native humor, "a man-sized job," Mr. Bliven seems to think he has scored a point upon which he is content the discussion should rest.

THE general public, who, after all, supports even the theatres where "art for art's sake" is the offering, will not be so sure. It is rather a pity that Mr. Bliven's sense of fair play did not extend to letting it be the judge by printing the whole correspondence. In his very courteous and reasonable replies, Dr. Callahan points out that the efforts of the society, which has a lineage of many centuries, are aimed at nothing else than the betterment of conversation under excitement, and that it is no answer to a crusade against profanity upon the stage to indicate fresh fields for effort outside. Had the director of the Holy Name society been as anxious as the editor for argumentative victory, he might have made a very telling reply in exactly the same spirit as Mr. Bliven. The Name which Christians cannot hear loosely or irreverently used without suffering, is not the only expletive employed by the rough-hewn to relieve their feelings. What better proof of artistic sincerity can be imagined than the textual reproduction of one or two of these upon the stage? To the advocate of verisimilitude, the result, painful as it would certainly prove, should be a minor matter, and all the arguments that fit the one case could be made fit the other. In concentrating their efforts toward realism upon a Name that is denied by many rather than upon decencies that no man or woman would dare publicly to disavow, the naturalist theatre does not gain in respectability, nor those who defend it, in sincerity. Charges of "cowardly evasion" have a way, all their own, of turning to boomerangs. An older time may have been a little blind to the value of realism as a vehicle for artistic feeling. But there is no reason why the present should be indifferent to the finer shades of retributive logic.

SIR OLIVER AND EVOLUTION

IT WILL be remembered that Sir Oliver Lodge delivered this year's Huxley lecture, at Charing Cross hospital, London, where the famous popularizer of science received his education. The address was notable because, while dealing with recent discoveries bearing upon the theory of evolution, Sir Oliver took occasion to discuss the relations between his subject and religion. And it is always the philosophical implications of science which interest the layman.

When evolution first came into general acceptance, it was explained legitimately enough as a gradual, self-acting process; but far too many people forgot that it was not the sum-total of truth, and so were led to accept materialistic views which left no room in the universe for mind and purpose. Obviously, these views could not be codified into a workable philosophy. Huxley, by asserting that a third factor—"consciousness"—had to be taken into account, showed himself in advance of many of his fellows whom naturally enough his pronouncement did not thrill with pleasure. And it is quite likely that, as Sir Oliver averred in his lecture, the basic error of the early days of evolution was hasty temper on both sides—an arrogant "we will not budge" which forced the new theory into the position of direct antagonism to creation. Unruffled mental poise would have been satisfied to proclaim and accept it simply as an explanation of the method of creation.

Sir Oliver admitted further that neither the old mechanical theory of evolution nor the still more ancient theory which he termed "sudden" creation was without its elements of truth. The two might have been harmonized; but they were brought into direct opposition and the unfortunate consequences are obvious. Many excellent, though belated, persons are still convinced that one who believes in evolutionary processes has renounced all respect for the Creator and revealed religion.

At this point Sir Oliver veered to the Scopes trial in Dayton, Tennessee, which originated, of course, in the same popular and unscientific idea that there must be an irreconcilable opposition between older and newer views of creation. He considered the action of the Tennessee legislature irrational, but admitted that there were reasons for holding it excusable; both sides of the controversy rested on crudities—a crude idea of creation and an equally crude version of evolution. Obviously, the protagonists on either side could "have their teeth set on edge by the other." And young, enthusiastic teachers—after the manner of their kind—rushed to the extreme limit of their side of the question, while the staunch citizenry, seeing that because of sectarian differences biblical teaching was forbidden in the schools, together with other doctrines dear to themselves, decided that teachers favoring doctrines generally in disfavor and in suspicion of being scientifically sectarian, ought to be silenced.

Argument of this sort is not intrinsically likely ever

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to arrive at a nobler harmony than that exemplified by the Kilkenny cats. Neither side is entitled to exultation—the staunch citizen may be ignorant of laboratories, but the scientist is far too frequently unadorned with philosophic insight. These facts were duly stressed in Sir Oliver's excellent discourse, which, obviously, made no pretension to being an exhaustive treatment of the physical sciences. It was meet that a scholar speaking with so much deserved authority should avow for a moment that faith in the things of the spirit opens a world governed by laws more constant and mysterious than the rule by which the universe of things is moved. He may have been moved by the same feeling for the mysterious, providential career of the human spirit, as that which recently impelled Mr. Baldwin to speak of a "thousand memories, subconscious and ancestral."

THE WAY THE WIND IS BLOWING

THE Alcuin club is an Anglican organization which, according to its statements "exists in order to encourage and assist in the practical study of ceremonial, and the arrangement of churches, their furniture and ornaments in accordance with the rubrics of the Book of Common Prayer." It has done a very considerable amount of liturgical research and has issued some really valuable publications, although the connection of some of them with the Book of Common Prayer is at first glance a little hard to see. Among the latest of its tracts is one entitled The Uniats and their Rites, by Stephen Gaselee, a fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, which contains much information and even more food for thought and speculation.

This pamphlet gives a fairly accurate history of the different rites used by those eastern Catholics who are in communion with Rome, and who are generally known as "Uniats"—although many of them are not fond of the term itself. Mr. Gaselee points out the fact, sometimes forgotten even by Latin Catholics, that not only is Rome tolerant of these rites, but that any attempt at "Romanizing is being discouraged," and that those who have an inheritance different from the Latin rite in ceremonies, customs, and practices, are being everywhere encouraged to keep these observances, and in cases where any corruption has crept in, are being urged to restore their use to its own highest standards.

The interest of Pope Pius XI in the question of reunion is well known, and his efforts in this direction have been widely published. He has endeavored, first of all, to let it be understood by the separated eastern bodies that their coming back to the unity of the Church involves no change in their rites; secondly, he has on numerous occasions assisted at solemn services in Saint Peter's according to the eastern rites, and has given his approval to all efforts which have as a purpose the education of western Catholics concerning them. The rise of reunion effort is the natural outgrowth of the Pontiff's own desire for it, and of this educational campaign. Hence we find him giving special approval to a society founded for this double purpose—the Catholic Union, which is under the presidency of the Reverend Augustine Count Galen, whose contributions have appeared from time to time in The Commonweal. Its main object is to provide for the education of eastern priests who may become apostles of unity to their own races, especially in Russia, when opportunity for such work may come in that land of present chaos—religious, economic, and political.

The chief interest of Mr. Gaselee's paper, however, lies not so much in its historical matter, in which he relies mostly on the late Dr. Adrian Fortesque, as it does in what he calls "a few reflections as to what lessons, if any, the past history and present conditions of the Uniats have for us of the Church of England." Stating that "the Uniat position is one which need have no terrors for us," he asks: "Should we, for the sake of unity, feel any repugnance in forming a Uniat church, keeping our own rites and canon law, in communion with the Pope?" This question he answers by saying: "I personally should not hesitate for an instant."

The Anglican Uniat ideal, while in the realm of pure theory, is a fascinating one to contemplate, and one can agree with Mr. Gaselee when he says: "The ultimate possibilities . . . of any such development are so impressive that it would be almost universally admitted that they would be worth any sacrifice short of principle." Anglicanism and eastern orthodoxy have had much to do with each other of late, and this may be the ground on which he wonders: "Is it not possible that . . . we and the Uniats might form common ground for a rapprochement between Rome and Constantinople?" It is hard to see how Anglicanism, with its history and its present division of thought, can contribute much, for the Anglo-Catholic party is but a small minority, and even among its members there is by no means complete agreement. Rome cannot well treat with a non-existent body, and there is no group of Anglicans who could officially set forth a proposal such as Mr. Gaselee's. The Uniats are, however, the connecting link between othodoxy and Rome, for they are the proof that to be a Catholic does not mean to become "Latinized"; that Catholicism is not western but universal; that Rome's primacy and not Rome's rite is the center of unity.

All this shows which way the wind is blowing, and if Catholics are not slack in their support of the real reunion efforts which come from Rome, and which have its official sanction, they may have the good fortune of witnessing once more a reunion of historic Christianity. Such a reunion His Holiness has declared would be "the fulfilment of his dearest wishes," and it would be, moreover, a long step in the fulfilment of his prayer that the reign of Jesus Christ as the universal King of human society may be everywhere recognized.

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MERCIER AND THOMISM

By FULTON J. SHEEN

SCIENTIFIC naturalism reached its peak about the middle of the nineteenth century. Puffed up with scientific progress, philosophers like Comte and Taine claimed that the infinite riches of mind and nature could be comprehended within a few mechanical formulas. Such a system manifestly would work harm to morality and religion, and those who were interested in saving eternal verities cast about for some solution. Reason was apparently the very destruction of religion.

Among the various substitutes offered for reason were the traditionalism of LaMennais, the fideism of Bautain, the ontologism of Gioberti and Rosmini, each of which appealed to some non-intellectual element, such as tradition, faith, or infused ideas. It was not until the decree Aeterni Patris of Leo XIII, which insisted on a return to the doctrines of Saint Thomas, that the world clearly saw a solution to scientism—a solution which at one and the same time revealed the limits of distorted reason and the powers of a sound speculative reason.

It was amid just such an intellectual environment that the lamented Cardinal Mercier and his school of Louvain began their growth and development. Leo XIII at one time was papal nuncio to Brussels when he had occasion to drink deep of the learning of the University of Louvain, through frequent contact with the professors. Hence, it was the most natural thing for him some years later to concentrate his revival of Thomistic philosophy as a solution to false science, in the very institution where genuine science was already in full bloom. On December 25, 1880, he ordered Cardinal Deschamps to establish a chair of Thomistic philosophy at Louvain and the bishops of Belgium confided its direction to a promising young instructor, Canon Mercier.

Eight years later the Holy Father instructed Cardinal Goosens to create an ensemble of courses around this chair of philosophy in order to establish a superior institute of philosophy. How well Cardinal Mercier carried out the wishes of the Holy Father is at once apparent by comparing the letters of Leo XIII with the actual accomplishments of the learned rector of the new school. Pope Leo XIII left no doubt in the minds of his contemporaries that he wanted Saint Thomas adapted to the times. A long minute study of the physical sciences should be an indispensable preparation for the superior work of synthesis. All worn-out or disproven theories were to be rejected.

It was just this ideal of adapting Saint Thomas to modern times, in accordance with the wishes of the Vicar of Christ, which summoned forth all the strength and character of the Cardinal. There were many who could not distinguish between a doctrine and a method and who consequently were inclined to believe that he was sacrificing philosophical truths for the thrills of modernity. There were many who thought that as there could be no fellowship between God and Baal, neither could there be any between modern science or modern philosophy and the philosophy of Saint Thomas. The Cardinal sensed the opposition and in his inaugural address of 1894 laid down the keynote of his school: "Philosophy does not precede the sciences, but follows them to synthesize their results under the direction of the first principles of the human intellect."

Time proved that he never compromised truth nor lost his balance in his study of his contemporaries who were less solidly grounded than himself. Today there are few who do not understand the significance of his work, which has become generally known as neo-scholasticism.

Neo-scholasticism is not a doctrine but a method. What is new is a scientific, instead of a vulgar, observation of facts. False theories of the mediaevalists were simply abandoned, as Pope Leo wished them to be, while their constitutive principles were still retained. "A doctrine," writes Dr. Noel, one of the eminent neo-scholastic leaders of Louvain, "is in its objectivity detachable from the environment in which it lives, from the contingencies which contribute to its success, from the errors of detail which cling to it, and from the consequences which can be drawn from it. Scholasticism (which is the name of a doctrine) can be transported to our epoch and 'rethought' in function of the sciences of today and of contemporary philosophy. This is neo-scholasticism."

It is quite natural, if the aim of neo-scholasticism is to keep in critical touch with modern science and modern thought in the light of Saint Thomas, that, from time to time, its emphasis will be changed. As modern philosophy swings from the subjective to the objective, or the monistic to the pluralistic conception of the universe, neo-scholasticism will change its point of view without even in the least altering its doctrine. The school of Louvain has witnessed this change of emphasis even in the lifetime of the Cardinal. While His Eminence was a professor in the university, the dominant thought of the outside world was subjectivism inspired by Kant. Hence, it was necessary for the Cardinal and his colleagues to insist on the objectivity of knowledge and the empirical point of departure. The Cardinal's works were written with this emphasis. Now modern thought has changed its emphasis to relativity and neo-scholastics change it with them, insisting now not so much on the objectivity

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of knowledge as on its absolute and transcendental quality. This is the stress laid on it at the present moment.

And yet, with all this change of emphasis, neo-scholastic philosophy is kept in beautiful balance. Psychology is never permitted to degenerate into "psychologism" nor biology into "biologism." There is a harmony between experimental and rational psychology on one hand, and metaphysics and empirical sciences on the other, thus avoiding the lop-sided super-psychologized courses of some university curriculums. In a recent Louvain publication on Feeling Experience and Its Modalities, which has been characterized by a European psychologist as the "finest work ever written on sentiment," there is this refreshing acknowledgment of the limits of experimental psychology made by the author, Dr. Gerald B. Phelan: "The scientific view of the universe is partial and one-sided. The bacteriologist closes one eye as he peers through the microscope in search of minute structures, invisible without the aid of his instrument. All but the tiny field of squirming microbes beneath his objective is purposely excluded from his vision. Thus too, the scientist, whatever be the domain of empirical investigation in which he is engaged, shuts his eyes to the problems of philosophical speculation and opens them wide upon the particular questions of his chosen field. His view will necessarily be partial. If we remain upon the level of pure science we may not interpret its conclusions in a philosophical sense."

This statement is chosen as typical of a well-guarded balance which the neo-scholastics keep in all their philosophizing. But there is yet another aspect of the neo-scholasticism which the Cardinal did so much to create. It is the keen and deep knowledge of present-day philosophy with its tendencies and movements, its progress and even its discontent with the traditional notion, whatever it may be. Le Conflit de la Morale et de la Sociologie, by the Right Reverend Simon Deploige, senator of Belgium and successor of Cardinal Mercier as rector of the Superior Institute of Louvain, is typical of this aspect of neo-scholasticism. This work begins with an exposition of the present-day objections to scholastic moral and the modern substitute—sociological morality. In the first section, modern thinkers are allowed to speak for themselves before the learned author begins his historical and critical appreciation of their position in the light of Saint Thomas. It is at the bar of reason that the case is judged, and never with bitterness or sarcasm.

It is this latter quality of neo-scholasticism which is making itself felt in the modern world. Recently a writer in an English periodical testified to it in these words: "In the really fundamental philosophical quarrel of our own time, between the neo-scholastics on one hand, and the school, which can simply be qualified as Kantian on the other, one is struck with surprise at the fact that while Mercier and his friends are perfectly informed concerning modern conceptions, the 'moderns' themselves seem to be in complete ignorance of the position of their antagonists." Personal and first-hand contact with some of the best known philosophers of England bears out the truth of this statement. A recent Gifford lecturer confessed to the writer that he had never read a line of Saint Thomas, while another philosopher who is known as an author of a work on truth, acknowledged that he had never so much as heard that Saint Thomas defined truth.

There are exceptions, and among them is Professor A. E. Taylor, who writes: "If philosophy is ever to execute her supreme task, she will need to take into more serious account, not only the work of the exact sciences, but the teachings of the great masters of life . . . For us it means that it is high time philosophy ceased to treat the great Christian theologians as credulous persons whose convictions need not be taken seriously . . . If we are to be philosophers in earnest we cannot afford to have any path which may lead to the heart of life's mystery blocked for us by placards bearing the labels, 'reactionary,' 'unmodern' and their likes. That what is most modern must be best is a superstition which it is strange to find in a really educated man. A philosopher at any rate should be able to endure the charge of being 'unmodern' with fortitude . . . Abelard and Saint Thomas very likely would have failed as advertising agents, company promotors, or editors of sensational daily papers. But it may well be that both are better fitted than Lord Northcliffe . . . to tell us whether God is or what God is."

Cardinal Mercier saw his work prosper and flourish before his death—a joy which few men under similar difficulties have known. While he has passed away, his work still lives after him. Each succeeding day will bring to a world drunk with the anarchy of ideas, the necessity of the philosophy of Saint Thomas as the path to intellectual sobriety. And there will be found in some future day as there are now, modern philosophers who will cry out: "Vae mihi si non Thomistisaverim." Neo-scholasticism has as its mission to treat Saint Thomas not as a figure in the past, but a need of the enduring present, for truth is above time and space. He is no more confined to the thirteenth century than is the multiplication table. In short, neo-scholasticism seeks to make Saint Thomas functional not for a school, but for a world. If need makes actuality, then Saint Thomas was never more actual than he is today. If actuality makes modernity, then Saint Thomas is the prince of modern philosophers. If a progressive universe is a contemporary ideal, then the philosophy of Saint Thomas is its greatest realization. Modern idealism needs the complement of his realism; empiricism needs his trancendental principles; philosophical "biologism," his metaphysics; sociological morality, his ethics; sentimentalism, his theory of the intelligence; and the world at large needs the God that he knew and loved and adored.

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A GUILD PLAN FOR INDUSTRY

By HENRY SOMERVILLE

THE labor question in its largest sense involves not only the workers' demands for sufficiency and security, but also for status. In the wage-system as we know it, the wage-earner puts his labor-power at the disposal of the employer. He works at what he is ordered to do and he has no claim to the product of his work. He surrenders both the disposal of his labor-power and of its product in return for wages. The wage-earner has no share in the control of industry.

Our political system contrasts with our industrial system. The one is democratic while the other is not —it may be described as distributed autocracy, with a rapid tendency to become concentrated autocracy. As long as the autocracy is widely distributed it is tolerable, for the autocrats limit each other's power, and there is no considerable gulf between those who employ and those who are employed.

We are now seeing, however, an ever-widening gulf between those who control industry and those who work under that control. The individual employer is superseded by large corporations which have as much power over men's lives as had the lords of the feudal system. It is inevitable that labor unions should rise to represent the workers in face of corporation employers. Between organized capital and organized labor there are recurrent conflicts about wages. There is nothing in the nature of the situation to bring about a determination of these conflicts. There are truces but there is never peace, and the occasional battles over wages are only incidents in an incessant war for power. A rich country where wages are relatively high is not immune from this industrial disharmony, and, indeed, the country which may appear to have the greatest margin of safety may be in the greatest peril in the long run.

I think that all who have the historical sense and who are acquainted with the course of social conflicts in the past, will perceive the instability of our present industrial structure which may conveniently be described as capitalism. I do not, for the moment, argue that the abolition of capitalism is desirable or necessary, or that any other system would be an improvement. I merely wish to suggest a possible alternative to capitalism.

One alternative, of course, would be socialism, which means that the state should undertake all or most industries, and that land and capital should be exclusively or predominantly owned by the state instead of by private persons.

Whenever state socialism has come close enough for realistic examination, labor has recoiled from it. It has been perceived that a universal state employer would be, or, at least, could easily become, a tyrannical monstrosity. It would make the workers, as such, more dependent and servile than they are under the largest private corporation.

This reaction against state socialism gave rise to the advocacy of guild socialism, which means that, though land and capital are to be taken from private owners and vested in the state, the control and operation of industries would be in the hands of guilds or unions of the workers of the different industries.

Neither state socialists nor guild socialists could dispossess the present owners of property without recourse to violence. The so-called moderate socialists explain that the dispossession will not take place by revolution, but by constitutional means when socialists have a legislating majority. There is little ethical difference, and there might be little practical difference, between constitutional and unconstitutional violence, for an attempt at wholesale confiscation of property would certainly provoke civil war. There is common sense as well as good morals in the words of Pope Leo XIII—"The first and most fundamental principle, therefore, if one would undertake to alleviate the condition of the masses, must be the inviolability of private property."

There is no moral inviolability, however, in the control of industry by those who own capital instead of by those who work. It is feasible that labor should be the employer and capital the employed. The word labor is used here to cover all who work, whether by hand or brain. It includes the highest executives as well as the humbler grades. The business world is familiar with capital which shares in dividends but not in control, as, for instance, that part of the stock of a corporation which ranks as debentures or preferred. A vast amount of ordinary stock is in the hands of holders who never dream of influencing the control of the business in which their capital is engaged, for they are well aware that their voting rights give them no real power.

What the ordinary investor looks for is not control of industry but reasonable security for his capital, and fair dividends. Capitalistic enterprises are not the only ones that provide fields for investment. State, municipal, and other public bodies carry on business undertakings, financed mainly by bond issues. Co-operative societies, both of producers and consumers, do the same. It is equally possible for guilds of workers to carry on particular businesses or even whole industries. The capital need not be owned by the guilds; it might remain with private shareholders. These shareholders would receive dividends, not to an indefinite amount but up to a fixed maximum. The

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dividends would not be a charge on the business in the sense that interest on bonds is a charge, but would depend on earnings as the dividends on preferred stocks do, and they would be cumulative—that is, arrears of dividend would remain as a charge against future earnings. To safeguard the interests of the stockholders, the earnings of labor—using labor in the widest sense—would be on an established minimum scale until capital had received the standard dividend. A living wage for labor, fixed as low as justice will allow, would be the first charge on industry; the standard interest on capital would come next, and any surplus that remained would go to labor.

The railroads might be imagined as providing an illustration of an industry controlled by the National Guild of Railroad Workers, the capital stock remaining in the hands of private owners who may or may not be working in the industry. By some means of election, direct or indirect, the supreme direction of the industry would be chosen by the different grades of workers. The hierarchy of executives, managers, and superintendents down to foremen, would be appointed by a democratic method which safeguarded discipline and efficiency. All necessary inequalities of remuneration would be allowed, but surplus profits would go to the workers in the industry, not to the stockholders. The users of the railways would be safeguarded by governmental regulation which would apply to the railway guild as it now applies to corporations.

In a short article explanatory of a new scheme there is no space for advocacy. Those who accept capitalism as spiritually and economically satisfactory will not be interested in a new idea such as this. But reformers will remember the opening words of the Rerum Novarum:

> The spirit of revolutionary change, which has long been disturbing the nations of the world, has passed beyond the sphere of politics and made its influence felt in the cognate sphere of practical economics. . . . All agree, and there can be no question whatever, that some remedy must be found, and found quickly, for the misery and wretchedness pressing so heavily and unjustly at this moment on the vast majority of the working classes. . . . A small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the laboring poor a yoke little better than that of slavery itself.

A guild system would resolve our economic conflicts as our political conflicts have been resolved—by the application of the principle of democracy. Democracy has given us no ideal commonwealth, but there are few who will deny that it is the best available system for progressive and liberty-loving peoples. The discrepancy between our political and industrial systems becomes more irreconcilable as wealth and monopoly grow. Employers complain that labor refuses to do its best. "Ca' canny," to use a Scotch phrase, is becoming an increasingly established habit. But capitalism is peculiarly incapable of persuading labor to give of its best. A man will strive for his own good or the good of a society which wins his loyalty, but he hates to think that his efforts result in the enrichment of a profiteer. A guild would appeal to the ideal of service in the workers as capitalism never can.

The broad principle of the guild scheme is that the control of industry should be committed to those who work rather than those who own, and that the capitalist should be remunerated at a fixed rate instead of surplus profits going to him as residuary legatee. It is practically necessary that surplus profits should go to those who exercise control, for otherwise surplus profits are likely to be nil. By making labor, instead of capital or the individual entrepreneur, the residuary legatee, we establish a powerful incentive to efficiency on the part of the general body of workers. In some speculative businesses, where capital takes exceptional risks, it would be necessary to offer capital exceptional treatment. In a healthy society there will doubtless be many different types of industrial organization. For the plan here advanced no exclusiveness is desired. One of its virtues is that it is capable of partial and limited application. By "partial" I mean that there could be an experimental sharing of control between owners and workers, and by "limited" I mean that it could be applied only in certain industries for which it appeared most suited. Its principle is that of the mediaeval guilds which produced a happier and more Christian system of industrial relationships than any other that the world has known.

Fragments of Latin Verse

TRANSLATION OF JOHN SHERRY MANGAN

custodes ouium, teneraeque propaginis agnum
quaeritis ignem? ite huc. quaeritis? ignis homost
si digito attigito, incendam siluam simul omnem
omne pecus: flammast, omnia quae uideo.

Come, ye shepherds of sheep, and their offspring, the tender young lambkins—
Fire you wish? Draw near. Fire? Why, fire is man!
If with my finger I flick them, your woods and your flocks I set burning—
All that I fix with my gaze burns and to ashes falls.

From PORCIVS LICINIUS.

aufugit mihi animus. credo, ut solet, ad Theotimum
deuenit. sic est. perfugium illud habet.
quid si non interdixerim, ne illunc fugitiuum
mitteret ad se intro, sed magis eiiceret?
ibimus quaesitum. uerum, ne ipsi teneamur,
formido. quid ago? da Venus consilium.

Fled is my soul—I believe, as 'tis wont, to my loved Theotimus.
Such is the simple fact. Refuge it ever has there.
What if I did not forbid him to harbor this fugitive spirit
Deeply within himself; rather to cast it away?
Let us go to him in search. But that we as well shall be captured—
That is my fear. What to do? Give me, O Venus, advice.

From QVINTVS CATVLVS.

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AN EDITOR'S PROGRESS

I. THE NEW AGE

By A. R. ORAGE

I WAS looking through some old volumes of the New Age the other day with the intention of tracing the earliest published work of a number of now well known writers—Miss Katherine Mansfield, Michael Arlen (then Dikran Kouyoumdjian) W. L. George, Jack Collings Squire, and a host of others. As usually happens, my search was soon abandoned for still more personal recollections—of the hopes and fears and thrills and mortifications of fifteen years of editorship. There was no value in that, however; it was simply throwing good money after bad. And by and by I settled down to an orderly review of the course of development of my economic thought during those fifteen years. As I have no doubt that the trail I followed will prove to be a highway when a sufficient number of people have trodden it, a brief itinerary of the journey may serve the purposes of a guide.

Like every intellectual in those days—I refer to the earliest years of the twentieth century—I began as some sort of a socialist. Socialism was not then either the popular or unpopular vogue it has since become; but it was much more of a cult, with affiliations in directions now quite disowned—with theosophy, arts and crafts, vegetarianism, the "simple life," and almost, as one might say, the musical glasses. Morris had shed a mediaeval glamor over it with his stained-glass News from Nowhere. Edward Carpenter had put it into sandals. Cunninghame Grahame had mounted it on an Arab steed to which he was always saying a romantic farewell. Keir Hardie had clothed it in a cloth cap and a red tie. And Bernard Shaw, on behalf of the Fabian society, had hung it with innumerable jingling epigrammatic bells—and cap. My brand of socialism was, therefore, a blend or, let us say, an anthology of all these, to which from my personal predilections and experience I added a good practical knowledge of the working classes, a professional interest in economics which led me to master Marx's Das Kapital, and an idealism fed at the source—namely, Plato.

It was inevitable that I should drift into socialistic oratory, labor politics, and journalism; and it was equally inevitable with this background that my line would be original. I well remember, indeed, my inward smile when it was assumed by everybody that the New Age which I bought in May, 1907, and began to edit in coöperation for a year with Mr. Holbrook Jackson, would naturally become the semi-official organ of the Fabian society. Very little was anybody, including myself, aware of the course the New Age would take; but of one thing I was certain—no society or school or individual could count on my continuous support. The whole movement of ideas, called Socialism, including, of course, the then burning question of parliamentary Labor representation, was in the melting-pot; and my little handful of colleagues and I had no intention of prematurely running ourselves into anybody else's mold. The socialists of those days were, in practice, individualists to a man.

It was not very long after beginning publication that the "old gang," as the established constellation of Socialist and Labor lights was called, began to suspect that a new comet had appeared. The predominant question of the moment was the possibility of fusing the trade-union movement, which served as the basis of the Independent Labor party, with the socialist movement; and many and strong were the advocates in the latter of a union of forces on the political field. My friends and I, however, had quite a different idea. We had no objection to the trade-unions as such. On the contrary, our slogan that "the trade-unions are the hope of the world" was evidence that we attached even an exaggerated value to them—for reasons that will appear. Nor, of course, had we any general, but only a particular, criticism in those days to make of the socialist groups. But one distinction between Labor politics and Socialism seemed to us to be decisive—that whereas Socialism explicitly claimed to be nationally representative, the political Labor party was avowedly based on a single class—that of the wage-earners or proletariat. To both sections, it appeared to us, the political Labor party was making a false appeal. The trade-unions, it is certain, were originated in response to a purely economic motive; they numbered members of all the national political parties and were little disposed to make their occupation their politics. By appealing to them to support a parliamentary Labor party, it seemed to us that the heads of the party were diverting them from their original object and merely trying to ride on their backs to personal power. It was too late, however, to protest against this; the evil had begun; and the system of judicious bribery of trade-union officials with the prospect of a parliamentary career seemed likely, moreover, to permit it to continue. It did not appear too late, however, to preserve the socialist movement for a national politic; and when it came to a decision concerning the political fusion of the Fabian society with the Labor party, the New Age, after vainly supporting the ingenious proposal of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to form a So-

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cialist representation committee, repudiated the Fabian society, and set out to plow a lonely furrow.

Avowed opponents of political labor in any shape or form, antagonists of the Fabian society from the moment of its surrender to class-politics, our situation was, indeed, that of Ishmael. Our pen was against practically everybody of importance in all the political parties without exception, and against every Socialist and Labor organization that was not minding, as we thought, its proper business. No wonder that the bright hopes, which the first Socialist weekly of London literary distinction had inspired in the breasts of Socialist and Labor groups, began to be puffed out rapidly one by one. Save for the brilliant debaters among them, who carried on a campaign of lively debate in our columns, much to our joy, all the established authorities turned their backs upon our own turned backs. Personally, we remained, as a rule, on the friendliest terms; but officially and editorially, it was silent war, broken only by the occasional aforesaid crackle of polemics.

This attitude of isolation, though it was maintained throughout my fifteen years of editorship, was, nevertheless, not at all negative or passive. If we had nothing to say for any of the groups hopelessly mortgaged to bankrupt policies, we had, at any rate, plenty to say for ourselves, and concerning the two main elements in the total situation—the trade-unions and the community as a whole. As we saw it, both were about to suffer a further injustice from the manoeuvre that had been successfully carried out. The trade-unions were to be led by the nose from the economic field where alone they could conceivably win any advantage for themselves, into the barren fields of politics; and the nation was to lose the criticism and advice of national, that is to say, non-class socialism. Henceforward, but for ourselves, every political Labor organization and every Socialist body, collective or individual, might fairly be held in suspicion by both trade-unions and the public at large. They all had a more or less personal axe to grind; and the expense would be borne by the trade-unions and the community jointly and severally.

We began very early to prepare our program for positive propaganda; and already in the earliest issues of the New Age, I recall articles advocating for the trade-unions a return to the guild system, and for the nation the organization of national industry by devolution of powers to incorporated industrial groups, including the trade-unions. Whether the latter was the first suggestion of syndicalism that ever appeared I am doubtful; there is reason to believe that it was, and was subsequently translated into French and re-imported into England under its present name. But, undoubtedly, the suggestion of the guildisation, as we barbarously called it, of the trade-unions, was a novel idea in Socialist theory and still marks a definite milestone on the way to a still remote Dover.

It was not, however, plain sailing. To begin with, the guild idea had been revived by Morris and resurrected by another genius, Mr. Arthur Penty, for the express purpose of recapturing what they little realized was not the first fine rapture of the middle-ages. Lovers of the crafts, they, and Penty more explicitly than Morris, hoped to decentralize industry and to restore small workshops and hand production. Trade-unions to them were only a concomitant symptom of the fall from the middle-ages, justifiable as proletarian defenses, but superfluous in a guild community. What a time we had with Mr. Penty on this question! And it was the more difficult because I had some years before 1907 sponsored his earliest book on the Restoration of the Guild System, and been the first secretary of a Guild Restoration league. However, I could not agree to dissolve the trade-unions in mediaevalism; nor could I convince myself that they had no possible function in a reformed community. Guilds and trade-unions had somehow to be reconciled; and, in the end, Mr. Penty unwillingly but handsomely consented to their possible union.

The next storm to be weathered—be it understood that the storms were mostly in a tea-cup little larger than a very small office, since nobody outside the circle of our few readers paid as yet much attention to our contemptuous backs—was the dispute between syndicalism and nationalism. There was not much proletarian class-consciousness in England in those days; and, indeed, it is my judgment that the English working classes will never turn red until they see red. They think too well of the upper classes, including their own, to attribute to them any deliberate or obdurate injustice (in which, perhaps, they are not mistaken). But on account of the propaganda of the Independent Labor party, there was enough articulation of class-consciousness to make the association of trade-unions with the nation a matter of suspicion among the babes.

Parliament was declared to be nationally non-representative, a plutocratic class-instrument; its functions, at their ideal, were purely political to the exclusion of economics; the trade-unions were capable of undertaking the control of the whole of industry without any other authority's "by our leave." "Trade-unions unite" took the place of "workers unite," and the proper object of the unions was independent sovereignty over industry. The great war, of course, later on knocked all the nonsense out of syndicalism. As the trade-unions scrambled to offer their services to the political sovereigns, the few remaining stalwarts of syndicalism turned their eyes away, their dream perishing before them. But long before the war, the New Age had disposed, for mere intelligence, of the theories of syndicalism. Upon no ground had it a defensible leg to stand on. The proletarian element in any community and, still more emphatically, the active working section of it, is in any conceivable event only a part of the community. There are hosts

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of perfectly legitimate and essential communal functions altogether outside the possible purview of trade-unions; and the dispossession of the national sovereignty by a class of a class sovereignty, was likely to prove as impossible in practice as in theory. In the end, we won on that issue, too; and before many months had gone by after our retreat from the official schools, we began to publish the first series of articles under the title of National Guilds, in which the political sovereignty of the nation was preserved, while the trade-unions were given the task of organizing industry on behalf of Parliament.

It is true that as yet the New Age had not cut much ice with our old friends of the older groups. But from Ishmaelites we had become Adullamites; and there began not exactly to flock to our new standard an assortment of independent thinkers, chiefly the younger men. Mr. S. G. Hobson was the actual writer of the series of articles referred to, and the author, under my editorship, of the first and still standard work on National Guilds. But we were soon joined by energetic young men like Mr. G. D. H. Cole, Mr. Maurice Reckitt, Mr. William Mellor and others, who immediately formed a society under the name of the National Guilds league. Mr. Will Dyson, the foremost cartoonist in England, did our designs for us. I may say at once that I never was a member of the league myself. To tell the truth, I had begun already to have doubts! Undoubtedly, however, the adhesion of these men, their admirable methods of propaganda, and the publication outside the almost private pages of the New Age of the text of National Guilds, put the subject on the public map of discussion. A vast polemical literature began to appear, references to our existence began gingerly to occur in the speeches and articles of the old gangs. Above all, the older organizations began to cease to enlist the pick of the new recruits; their prestige was waning to the size and sickle-shape of an interrogation-mark.

But they need not have disturbed themselves! Our worst storm or, rather, difficulty—since there was nothing positively active about it—was still before us; and, frankly, national guilds would certainly have foundered in it even if the war had not anticipated the sinking. The dispute with the mediaevalists had been successfully compromised; the dispute with the syndicalists had been translated into uncongenial and harmless French; the existing Socialist and political Labor groups had had their young men and brains drained away. But we had still to count with the trade-unions, and to persuade them of their own good. This was the job!

In the first place, there was no getting at them directly. All the branch as well as the general and congress meetings are held under the careful auspices of the officials; and the latter, being by this time usually hell-bent for a place in the parliamentary sun, had no temptation to assist our counter-propaganda amongst their chief financial supporters. Never upon a single occasion in my recollection was any accredited spokesman on behalf of national guilds invited or permitted to address an officially convened trade-union gathering. The alternative was practically useless—meetings at which the general public was predominantly present. We got their approval, but the famous "rank and file" of the trade-unions we never had a chance of speaking with. And needless to say, a reader of the New Age or anything else among them was in the proportion of spirit in near-beer.

What they allowed to be said on their behalf without any protest was, moreover, quite as discouraging. They had no ambition to control or even to manage their own industries. They had no hatred of their status as wage-slaves (as we provocatively named them) nor any contempt for their employers. They knew enough of their own officials to doubt if their class could be trusted with power, even over themselves. They wanted just more wages and less work. In strike after strike we intervened to beg for an issue to be made of control instead of only wages. A few of the employers were prepared for it. In fact, there were a number of employers among the members of the National Guilds league. Except upon one or two occasions, the wages issue remained unaffected even to the extent of words. And in the exceptional case of a builders' strike, where a group of strikers actually undertook and were empowered to work as a guild, the immediate result was a local mediaeval guild and in no practical sense any approximation to the national guild of our imagination. My experiences during that period (1907-14) have made me doubt even the apparent evidence of my senses that a movement of ideas is possible among the proletariat. Belly-movements are possible, of course; and even then they are slow; but proletarian movements directed by and composed of heads accessible to ideas—they belong for me to the mythology called history and "propaganda."

To clinch a matter that needed no clinching, the parliamentary Labor party was by this time making good in its own eyes and in the eyes of the ambitious trade-union leaders. As habitually with them until recently, the English governing classes knew how to stage a defeat to make a triumph out of it. No sooner had the Labor party actually forced its way into Parliament than all the old stagers began at once to prepare it for their better digestion. Public honors were poured upon them. Absurd and really insulting compliments were addressed to them. Privately and personally they were treated with the condescending courtesy meted out to ex-butlers who have come into a moderate fortune. Above all, and artfullest stroke, their wives were patronized and begged by dowagers, in the name of their common class, to dissuade their husbands from ruining the old country. Many and patriotic were the comedies of which I was myself the eye-witness. Many

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and foolishly bitter were the jibes at the cunning of the one side, and the sycophancy of the other, published by the New Age. We had enemies enough before; but during this campaign against the ultimate roots of English conservatism, we made many more.

But for the fact that the New Age was undeniably "brilliant," brazenly incorruptible and independent, and could always count on the support of the young of all ages, including Mr. Belloc and Mr. G. K. Chesterton, cheerfully; Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells, grudgingly; and many greater and lesser powers, for worse or better reasons; it would surely have died of lack of circulation. Strange to say, however, the more enemies we made, the higher in prestige the New Age became, until at last it was our just boast that we were a classic, everywhere spoken of, but seldom read. I can never be sufficiently grateful for the colleagues of those days. They only missed making history for the simple reason that history is never made by ideas, but only by facts.

Only a word or two deserves to be said concerning the second plank in our platform. (It will be remembered that I said there were two.) While the rest of the Socialists had abandoned even the pretense of political nationalism in favor of a class politics, based on the wage-earning section, the New Age acquired a degree of non-, and anti-Socialist credit by criticism impartially distributed among all the political groups, including—perhaps first and foremost—the Labor group. It must be admitted, however, that with nothing solid at the back of us, we realized that we were engaging a tide with a broom. The failure, in fact, to secure a constituency to support our proposals in any section or in any leader of trade-unionism was fatal to our representative character. We could only speak for ourselves; and ourselves, in point of power, were negligible. Thus we more or less wearily dragged along until the war suddenly put fresh blood into the nation and drained more out. But with that episode I hope never to be concerned again. There followed the hideous peace—and then the new ideas for which national guilds and all the rest had been, as it appears, preparatory—the ideas of Major C. H. Douglas, author of Economic Democracy, and Credit-Power and Democracy.

To a New England Poet

Not yours the land where sunlight strikes upon
Fantastic leaves of tropic jungles, where
Color invades the mind, and chattered mirth
And screaming calls of brilliant darting birds
Confuse the blue remoteness of the air.

Your soul is lonely in the winter hills
Of northern solitude when deep snows fold
White silence on the heart as on the earth,
And though you break the stillness, all your words
Are tortured as a homeless man with cold.

LORETTA ROCHE.

FAREWELL TO ARAGON

By HILAIRE BELLOC

FAREWELL noblest and most famous of European valleys, most creative and royal of European streams! Farewell the torrent and the vale of Aragon! For the time is coming when your angel must flee away, and all that made you yourselves will be dead.

Farewell great noise of Aragon, farewell mighty gate of the hills! They have tunneled under the highest of the mountains; they have ruined Aspe and are already laying the rails, or have laid them. I know not whether it will be six or twelve months, or twenty-four; but in some interval which is but a few days to the age of man, you will be dead, and I shall have lost yet another companion, and the world will be emptier still.

The high forum village where men have halted for uncounted centuries before breasting the pass; Urdos which has its golden book of benefactors all beautifully signed, beginning with Charlemagne and ending with me, must be forgotten, and must pass away. The last track of the great Roman road across the Pyrenean wall must sink into the turf and be forgotten as well, for the earth-worms will bury it deeper and deeper year by year and there will come a time when the learned will make fools of themselves by denying that it ever stood; those stones which heard, perhaps, the solid tramp of the Pompeian legions, and which most certainly clattered under the horse-shoes of the French Barony when they turned out against the Mahomedan will go down into the earth and be buried.

Men will go soon from one accursed prison hotel to another, from one staring town with a dead soul to another, and at last that will be true which was not true at all when first the phrase was made; there will be no more Pyrenees. Man conquers all things save himself. By his own conquests he himself is conquered, and all things human reach an end.

There came a day (you will remember) when holy Ilium itself was lost, and Priam and the people of Priam with his good ashen spear. And tears are never absent from the passing of states and even blind nature, not human, wounds though its mortality (sometimes mortally) the holy spirit of man.

So farewell Aragon; goodbye to you, the queen; you are to die. If I could have saved you by any power I would have done so, and turned their accursed railway down any other vale but yours. But such power resides today only in a few rich men and it has been so ordered that such men should know nothing of beauty or joy.

Farewell then, strong noise of Aragon, and the profound trench where even the summer sun sets early beyond the western cliffs, and where even the summer heats are tempered by a mountain air.

They have already put you, Aragon, the early rising

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of you, your spring out of the mountain-land, into an iron tube to turn their machines. They will imprison you more and more.

And what of you, beloved Jaca, least and most ancient of towns? No one will come again behind the mule teams toward your northern gate at evening with the sound of bells. No one will approach you by the immemorial road any more. But I know not what glassy-eyed, well-stuffed and satisfied simulacra of women and of men, mummied carcases of wealth, will pour out of your new railway station and will think themselves in Spain at last and buy those Spanish things which Germans make and from which Spaniards fly.

Uja Jaca, where the very roots of our Christendom once stood, you Jaca, which first of all the cities beat back the Mahomedan, the women aiding—you who made the first true parliament of Europe, nobles and clergy and commons, all under their king—you shall be turned into the worst of shells: your fossil only shall remain. And, perhaps, you yourself will be gladdened, for men commonly receive with joy the angels of the pit and learn too late what they have entertained.

Down this same hill-torrent of Aragon went the power that made the middle-ages and restored Europe after her long sleep. This water it was which filled with its own force and majesty the riding columns of armored men, who were destined in a better time than ours, to establish our race again on its Iberian bastion, and to beat back Asia from our land, and to begin the story of the great five hundred years when Christendom was still one and alive.

This upland gorge, this famous sword-cut into the mountains; its mighty cliffs and its barrage of loud water and of silence, of the deeps and of the heights, will never be known again by us, or by our children, or our children's children. It has been murdered for a dividend. May those who murdered it reap their reward, and all of those who serve them.

Nothing is lost forever. Doubtless when aeons again have passed and perhaps after the ice has once more covered those summits and once more retired (who knows!) Aragon shall re-arise, and its guardian spirits shall return. But for our time and for our children's, and for our children's children it is gone; the place which gave its name to the noblest of the kingdoms, and to the proudest of the lines of our kings.

Valentine

This triolet, like a little basket,
With twisted handles at each end—
What does it hold? Well, since you ask it—
This triolet, like a little basket—
A heart! I never could unmask it
Before your gaze, therefore I send
This triolet, like a little basket,
With twisted handles at each end.

MAY LEWIS.

AMERICAN WORK IN PERSIA

By V. B. METTA

IN THE new Persia which is being evolved under Riza Khan Pahlavi, America is taking a conspicuous part. The Americans are liked by the Persians more than any other western people, because the Persians know that the Americans are the only Westerners who have not come there to grab their country. They dislike the British and Russians intensely, because, since the beginning of the century, Great Britain and Russia have been trying to divide their country between themselves. Mr. Morgan Shuster, the American treasurer-general of Persia in 1911 would have continued his admirable work of setting the country on its feet financially, had not the two European powers forced the Persian government to dismiss him.

The work that America is doing in Persia at present is financial and educational. The Persians, though neutral, had suffered a great deal during the European war. The British and Russians had invaded their country, dismissed parliaments, appointed premiers of their own choice, controlled the army, and kept the Shah under their thumb. Trade was dislocated, and there were misery and starvation in many parts of the country. To make things worse, immediately after the war was over, the British poured large bodies of troops into the country, bribed the ministers, and tried to make them sign the Anglo-Persian agreement—which, if signed, would have made Persia practically a British protectorate. But Riza Khan suddenly appeared on the scene at that time, took Teheran with the help of his Cossack brigade, and appointed a premier who was against the Anglo-Persian agreement. From that time, the British were discredited in Persia.

Riza Khan knew that merely saving his country from British imperialism was not enough. He wanted to rejuvenate her, to make her take her old place among the nations of the world. He saw that the finances of the country were in a bad state, and so he invited Doctor A. C. Millspaugh, and twelve other American finance experts under him, to come to Persia and improve the country. The American Finance Mission reached Teheran in the fall of 1922, and at once introduced the budget system—which was, until then, unknown there. They reorganized the system of taxation and the method of collecting taxes. The tobacco-tax was increased. A civil service law was passed by which the different grades in the service and the salaries attached to them were fixed. At the end of the very first year of Doctor Millspaugh's tenure of office, the budget was balanced. The Persian government does not now need foreign loans for current expenses. The exports for 1923 exceeded those of 1922 by $50,000,000. A new sugar- and tea-tax has been levied which will be utilized for building railways. Autos and motor-trucks are taking the place of donkeys, horses, and camels for transportation purposes. The American International corporation and the Stone and Webster corporation are likely to be given contracts for making new roads in the country. The manufacture of rugs, pottery, and brass and silverware is encouraged. The Finance Mission is thinking of discouraging the growth of the opium poppy. But it cannot take any active steps in the matter yet, because 20 percent of the population of the country depends for its livelihood on the manufacture of opium—and so it would be disastrous to the people if the opium trade were suddenly suppressed, without some other industry taking its place. Persia has no cause to be despondent about her future now. The kran is rising in

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exchange, no paper money is used in the country, and the national debt is not large. A revision of the tariff is contemplated.

The first American mission school for boys was established at Teheran about fifty years ago. At first, only the Jewish, Armenian, and Zoroastrian boys went to that school. But by the end of the century, Mahomedan boys began to join it. Now it is a big school with some six hundred students on its roll.

There are also the Teheran college and a girls' school established by the American mission. These institutions have done immense good to Persia. The boys educated in them are sons of noblemen, who, after they have finished their studies, are given high employments by the government. They are thus instrumental in spreading democratic ideals, which they learned under their American teachers. The Persian girls who received their education in the girls' school, have become reformers, and are agitating for the abolition of the tchadar (veil) and the political enfranchisement of their sex.

THE ITALIAN ART EXHIBIT

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

THE current exhibition of modern Italian art at the Grand Central Art Galleries, under the patronage of His Majesty, the King of Italy, and organized by the Italian Ministry of Public Instruction, covers in its scope artists as widely sundered as Boldini and the Futurist triumvirate—Balla, Depero, and Prampolini—thus justifying its purpose.

This showing of the ever-renewed aesthetic life of Italy; which burgeons literally on a soil where even the tombs yield up their golden quotas of dead artistries—this most impressive exhibition is for the most part a gathering together of Italy's brilliant younger sons in the art world. Ferruccio Ferrazi is here with such interesting canvases as that transcript of the steerage, The Tragic Journey, the Family of the Artist, and The Storm; and Antonio Donghi, whose strong draughtsmanship and balanced simplicity of composition impart to his works something of the effect of sculpture; and Primo Conti, the marvelous youth whose Liung-Yuk, loaned by the Gallery of Modern Art in Florence, is alone worth a visit to the exhibition.

These young Italians seem each to be following his own bent with ardor, and originality is in the air. What precedents has Casorati in his portraits of Signor Riccardo Gualino and his wife, and the portrait of Signor Beria—almost elemental in their rejection of accessories? One could go deep into the old Venetian schools, perhaps, and find their ancestry; but, even so, much is unexplained, and for that very reason they are satisfying. Piquant in its complete contrast to them is the electrical Boldini's portrait of Mrs. Rita de Acosta Lydig, brilliantly artificial and yet a-swirl with life.

In the same gallery Mancini is presented in a number of his over-rich and over-detailed canvases; but his exuberance is a relief from the attenuated schools that will not look upon the world and call it good. Mancini's Azaleas, glowing like red coals, is worth a whole gamut of depressed pastel colors. The spectator's heart is warmed as it cannot be before the pensive but very original art of Modigliani, who, dying young, left behind him a tradition all his own. His paintings, however, have a curious charm, difficult of definition; and this element of fascination and aloofness lies also behind the substantial and beautiful Architect of Mario Sironi.

Cadorin's Square in Venice is a restful composition with its strange pink church, and his Canal in Venice carries the eye beyond the beautiful girl, who yet is the very soul of the painting. In his treatment of light and atmosphere he exhibits rare skill.

In the last room of all is found that giant in sculpture, Adolfo Wildt, whose range covers the frowning titantic bust of Mussolini—the very symbol of dictatorship—and a head of the Blessed Virgin of exquisite tenderness. For his background the Futurists contribute their most chromatically varied tapestries, and wild and glorious riots of blazing color. Let us hope that Prampolini's Jazz Band will not be allowed to go back to Italy—for of all syncopated raptures it is the final, amazing expression.

The writer had the privilege of viewing some of Depero's decorative art, not catalogued, at the fortunate moment when Christian Brinton was making a selection from among a number of smaller pieces in daring combinations of color. He asked me—"What would be your choice?" But how choose among Deperos—unless, indeed, one is Christian Brinton! His preface to the catalogue is, in itself, a very perfect little monograph on the spirit and significance of the exhibition.

COMMUNICATIONS

ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE

Notre Dame, Ind.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Barry Byrne's letter appearing in the issue of January 13, concerning a new ecclesiastical architecture, is unconvincing in reply to the scholarly Mr. Cram.

The church plan in this country does not develop differently from the church plan elsewhere because the uses to which it is put do not vary with geography or time. The plan of the "broad and shallow" building is recognizable as the plan of the Greek theatre. Indeed, the Greek plan is superior to Mr. Byrne's because the semi-circle is even better adapted than the rectangle to accomplish what he sets out to do.

This "broad and shallow" plan with its theatre elements has never lent itself to Catholic ritual and ceremonial. It has "developed naturally" in this country only in the theatre and in those churches whose services require a similar auditorium. As a plan it is more ancient than Christianity and it is significant that the Byzantine, Gothic, and renaissance in turn, disdained it.

Consider the interior of a church built on such a plan. There is nothing architectural here that is insistent. As one enters from the west end it leads nowhere. There are forces drawing one to the right and left which assert themselves as strongly as those drawing one forward. There are conflict and distraction here, and while one's faith may tell him where his attention belongs, the architecture has played him a shabby trick, hardly atoned for by any lavish treatment of sanctuary niche. There is a begrudging of purpose here that never occurred in the long nave.

Where are the architectural instincts of one who cannot feel the power in the direct sweep of the nave to the focal point of the tabernacle door? Mr. Byrne mentions perspective and yet proposes to discard this grandest of all perspectives, a great nave.

Here we have an orderly procession of arch and column and fenestration moving solemnly to the proper goal, the

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tabernacle. No confusion is here nor any doubt. All have a singleness of purpose and destination that does not waver nor fly off at tangents. Here is architecture that is Catholic in its beliefs, and an implicit faith is in its lines alone.

Mr. Byrne chafes at the slow progress of architecture. He is anxious to be rid of our archæological influences and to launch into the greatness of our own inevitable architectural expression. Most of us share these feelings in a way. We desire to see our age clothed in its own attire, providing the old garments are incongruous or impractical.

The church plan need be tampered with very little. There are newer problems for the experimental architect with aspirations. Let him take one of these problems; meet its plan requirements completely; construct it honestly and directly; give it natural form and original details, keeping the whole consistent, and of compelling beauty; and his achievement will be recognized.

Before setting out, however, let him pause and behold the recent exposition of decorative arts in Paris, and other object lessons in the Chicago zone. Architecture is a solemn matter because it is more lasting than "telephones, Leviathans, or automobiles" as the record of a people. It records slowly and deliberately but very permanently and very truthfully.

The church is the least changed by modern "progress" of all our architectural problems. Why should it be the first object of experiment? Evolution is apart from revolution and we must evolve from the old to the new intelligently and normally. Nothing that is thrust forward without a lineage can survive, but when our own expression does evolve through the natural channels of transition we can know its antecedents, thanks to Cram, Goodhue, Maginnis, Comes, and the other champions of Catholic art traditions.

VINCENT F. FAGAN.

FROM PRESIDENT TO PRISON

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—I am not surprised that so much of recent criticism of Ferdinand Ossendowski's latest book, From President to Prison (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company) should be so violently sceptical. It is natural enough that adventures so alien to Wall Street, Times Square and the commuter's morning club car should seem like fiction, that it should seem impossible to pack so much of elemental life and death struggle interlarded with magic and mysticism and scientific attainment into the life of one man who is hardly yet ceasing to be young.

The private comment which was made by a prominent magazine editor on one of the earlier volumes, Man and Mystery in Asia, sums up a very general feeling: "This is one of the most wonderful things I have ever read, but I don't believe a word of it." Of course, he doesn't; how could any American whose life revolves between his country club, the ticker basket and his office desk, even imagine the actuality of the things described by this Polish critic of old Russia? How can the product of our organized mass life visualize the interplay of elemental forces upon one of the most ancient portions of the earth's surface—a new country such as our own once was, superimposed on the relics of long vanished civilizations, impregnated with their age-old exhalations?

Speaking with knowledge which comes from having spent much of my life upon the borderland of just such adventures, I can say very surely that so far, in all this series of his books, Professor Ossendowski has not yet made a statement that seems to me to be in the slightest degree improbable. I could even offer corroboration of some as "old stuff"—though new to America—matters of common acceptance in the little-known regions of which he writes. Even on the assumption of some of his critics that "so many things could not have happened to one man" (surely a flaccid comment) I repeat that there is not one of his adventures that is unlikely in itself—and in the matter of adventure anything and plenty of it can happen to anyone equipped for adventure.

A typical criticism that I hear of his first book, Men, Beasts and Gods, is that Roy Chapman Andrews, traveling in this same general territory less than two years after Ossendowski's escape from Mongolia, saw none of these marvels. Again, that is all very natural and reflects in no possible way on the veracity or power of observation of either.

Ossendowski is no stranger to any of the curious ethnographical strains which enter into the composition of the Russian nation—he speaks Russian, the sister language of his own, as a Russian; he had observed at first hand, over years, not as a foreigner, nor as a blind member of any caste, the revolutionary whirlwinds sweeping Russia, driving before them all kinds of loose human débris.

On the other hand Andrews could not be more than superficially acquainted—if at all—with all these things, and presumably had no particular interest in any of them at the moment: his objective was definite and limited; he was not at all likely to be distracted by such stuff as the magic of oriental priestcraft; the forlorn Russian band of fugitive officers operating in Mongolia had already been annihilated without trace. There is no earthly reason why the two men should see anything from the same angle. Both are credible witnesses each in his sphere to the existence of things they claim to have seen.

The difference between them is somewhat analogous to the difference in point of view between European and American "experts" on post-war reconstruction problems. Perhaps there is advantage in the average American inability to see below the surface. Unquestionably, the observer of surface phenomena only is the happier man.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

CARDINAL MERCIER

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—It was my great privilege when serving as director of Herbert Hoover's Commission for Relief in Belgium for a portion of the period of the German occupation, to become well acquainted with Cardinal Mercier. I had several conversations with him, although he, as an ardent patriot, and I, as a foreign relief worker under special obligations to avoid unneutral behavior or relations, could have no very close contacts outside of those determined by our mutual interests in relieving suffering.

After the end of the war, however, I was able to visit him several times in his archbishop's palace at Malines—the last time as recently as last July. During this last visit it was not possible to avoid noticing a growing weakness in this ascetic figure, and in leaving I ventured to inquire after his health. With a brave smile he replied—

"I am not sick; but one of my legs seems to be."

I do not care to rake over the old but still too warm embers of that great catastrophe which we call the world war. But among the figures that stood out most conspicuously amid

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the flames of this holocaust as it raged over Belgium was, of course, that of the great Cardinal. His lofty utterances of encouragement to his people; his fiery debates with the German governor-general; his difficult visits to Rome; his sympathetic visits to his suffering priests and parishioners; his personal bravery in times of danger—all combined to make Cardinal Mercier the outstanding figure in occupied Belgium, just as the simple and brave King Albert was the outstanding figure in that never conquered little northwest bit of unoccupied Belgium.

But it was not in wartime alone that Cardinal Mercier showed greatness. As a man of unusual personal charm, of high intelligence and spiritual grandeur, he was a marked figure for many years both in the kingdom of Belgium and in the hierarchy of the Catholic Church.

One of his chief attractions and merits, to my layman's mind, lay in his scholarly devotion and his religious broad-mindedness. His relations with the University of Louvain, which extended over nearly half a century, beginning as advanced student, then as professor of philosophy, and later as head of its chief administrative board, revealed him as a man of bold and constructive scholarship. And it equally revealed him as a man of wide and liberal understanding. At the very time of his fatal illness he was engaged in trying to develop to realization a readjustment between the Church of England and the Catholic Church.

With Cardinal Mercier's passing, passes one of those rare men who make appeal to all mankind by their great qualities. To all churchmen he will be a saintly figure to be forever revered; to all men, whether of the Church or not, he will be a figure whose essential humanness remains a perennial source of thankfulness and inspiration.

VERNON KELLOGG.

ONE YEAR OF THE CHURCH

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—May I call attention to a statement in the article written by Mr. Charles A. McMahon, One Year of the Church, which appeared in your publication of January 20? The reference is: "The Catholic Medical Mission movement was organized in the United States during the past year, at a meeting of missionary leaders and physicians held in New York City during August. Two important results of this meeting were the foundation of a Catholic Medical Mission Board and the founding in Washington, D. C., of the first house of the Society of Medical Missionaries." I should like to suggest corrections.

The Catholic Medical Mission Board came into existence at a meeting of the Catholic Hospital Association in Spring Bank, Okauchee, Wisconsin, on July 9, 1924, upon the approval of the Catholic Hospital association, through its president, Reverend Charles B. Moulinier, and which was known as the Medical Mission section of the Catholic Hospital association of the United States and Canada. The organization became affiliated with the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith at a meeting of the Medical Mission section, held at the College of Mount Saint Vincent, New York, on August 30, 1925, upon the approval of the Medical Mission section, and of the national director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Right Reverend Monsignor William Quinn. It has since been known as the Catholic Medical Mission Board.

The Society for Foreign Medical Missionaries, founded in Washington, D. C., by Doctor Anna Dengel, also came into being prior to the annual convention at Mount Saint Vincent, although the formal opening of the society dates September 30.

The deliberations of the convention referred to, resulted principally in the affiliation of the Board with the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the appointment of Monsignor Quinn as national treasurer, the furtherance of scholarships for the medical training of prospective missionaries, and the planning of social, spiritual, and missionary courses for professional doctors and nurses to be given in conjunction with the National Catholic Service school.

DOROTHY J. WILLMANN.

DEFENDING PAGE AND WHITMAN

Notre Dame, Ind.

TO the Editor:—One certainly expects sanity, if not conservatism, in an estimable magazine like The Commonweal. But there seems to be in various issues a growing tendency toward either radicalism or deliberate one-sidedness. Or are we going to explain it by naming it prejudice or else hopeless perversion of the truth? To mention only three instances:

That article on Walter H. Page as ambassador, in the issue of September 23, 1925, was obviously unfair and unjustified criticism. Is there no worth attached to state universities? Most of Mr. Bates's recent indictments are well-grounded, and his criticism is in the main justified, but is nobody to see and understand and explain the other side, the obvious good of even the present state universities?

Whitman receives only a modicum of praise and credit from me, yet there are many, I think, who feel that he deserves better than he got in the caustic attack of Mr. Shuster in the issue of January 20. No one denies that Walt himself said that he sounded his barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world. Moreover, he was modest enough not to parade some of his beautiful poetry.

Far be it from me to defend Whitman's life or much of his poetry, but I think it logical if Whitman is called "the true revolution against America," to call many other men whose lives are as bad but not so frankly exposed as that of the "good grey poet," and many of his followers and later "free versifiers" true revolutionists also against America. Is Mr. Shuster ready to do this? Why, then, single out merely Whitman?

ANDREW SMITHBERGER.

WHITHER, VAN LOON?

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I should like to take exception to a statement made in a recent edition in the article entitled Whither, Van Loon? The statement to which I refer, read —"At all events Mr. Van Loon wrote authentic history for children and adult children, and both classes of children have cause to be grateful to him. The Story of Mankind is a truly educational book."

If history is a statement of fact and not fiction, Mr. Van Loon's story is certainly not authentic. A very tyro in historical knowledge can point out error after error in the course of the book, even omitting the nonsense on the question of evolution which fills the first few chapters. I cannot see how it has any claim to educational value. His book, The Story of the Bible, is, in the opinion of even Protestant critics, not only lacking in the elements of biblical interpretation but is blasphemous as well.

CHARLES J. DEANE.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Great God Brown

THREE things emerge clearly from the puzzle of Eugene O'Neill's latest play, The Great God Brown. In his use of realistic masks—as distinct from the representative masks of old Greek tragedy—he has plunged into a new and fascinating mode of extending the scope of emotion and spiritual contrast on the stage. His courage and vision in this respect are not yet matched by ability to use the new medium. It engages him in a task that frequently proves too difficult for his technical resources. Lastly, and most important of all, O'Neill gives unmistakable signs of emerging, himself, from the sensual cloud in which he has been groping for many years. The new play has high moments of rich spiritual insight, of abiding faith, and understanding of the mystic vale of tears.

We all know the meaning of masks—from the impassive "poker face" of the card player to the defensive attitude or pose assumed by many sensitive souls as an armor against the cruel and misunderstanding eyes of neighbors. How often your apparently cynical or conceited man hides in the recesses of his nature a tortured, uncertain self—a truth which he reveals only to those whom he knows, intuitively, to be rich with understanding. These are commonplaces of experience. But O'Neill has put them on the stage. His characters wear masks when talking to certain people—discard them when talking with others. As their speech and attitude change, their faces change as well. It is a method of heightening, more completely than the facial muscles of actors can achieve, the gamut of emotions through which his characters charge and recoil.

This new method, as the first two acts of the play establish, would bring no insuperable difficulties, if the author were content to rest in the realm of objective drama. But The Great God Brown is far more than a play of many separate characters. It borders on the realm of the old morality play, in which characters represent aspects of the soul—as where Everyman talks with his own approaching Death, or with his Good Deeds. William Brown, the mask of popular success, and Dion Anthony, the poet and artist, become (whatever the conscious intentions of O'Neill may have been) conflicting aspects of one man. When Anthony dies, Brown assumes his mask, and the world, including Anthony's wife, does not know that Anthony is dead.

This idea is not hard to convey. In spite of the bewilderment of many of the critics, I cannot see why this is more difficult to understand than its counterpart in the folk-lore of nearly every country and time. In the old Norse legends, Siegfried, wearing the magic cap, assumes the form of Guenther in order to subdue Brunhilde and win her as Guenther's bride. Unfortunately, O'Neill allows himself to complicate the action of the play—the entrances and exits—to such an extent, that the exchange of masks becomes a technical bewilderment for the audience, no matter how clear its intention and meaning may remain. If you want your poetic vision to reach beyond a very limited group, it is wise not to ask too much of a mixed audience. O'Neill has created what I think is an unnecessary clash between reality and fantasy. Realism frequently obscures the authentic flow of imagery and inward fire.

The greatest achievement of this play, however, lies in a discovery which O'Neill has made—or partly made—and which most of the critics have ignored. He has begun to fathom the meaning of earthly suffering. Probably no poet of the theatre in recent times has been more intensely aware of suffering than O'Neill. It has been his veritable obsession. Evil and its resulting catastrophe have been the central theme of most of his plays—evil in manifold forms, as pride, as sensuality, as cowardice, as avarice. But he has never seen beyond catastrophe to a possible resurrection. Like Ibsen, he has dived into a swamp and his head has stuck there. He reached the lowest strata in Desire Under the Elms. Now there is an astonishing change. He tells us in this new play that from the tears of earth is born the eternal laughter of Heaven—that resurrection lies beyond death—that man should keep himself forever as a pilgrim on this earth—(using Thomas à Kempis as his text)—and that God is.

There is still confusion in his thought, for O'Neill feels more acutely than he thinks. But he has definitely come forth from the great shadow which fell forbiddingly over his recent work. He is approaching that ecstatic moment when tragedy transmutes itself, through song, into spiritual comedy. He can now, if he will, attain proportions of beauty and dramatic truth, to which Ibsen turned unseeing eyes.

For the rest, Robert Edmond Jones has never directed a piece with greater intuitive understanding, nor, perhaps, had finer actor material at his disposal. The Brown of William Harrigan, especially in the later episodes and the very earliest ones, has both power and depth. He succeeds less well in that period when he is supposed to bloom with self-satisfaction. Robert Keith's Dion Anthony carries, I should think, the full poetic pathos O'Neill has indicated—and that is a high compliment. Leona Hogarth as the unseeing wife also sweeps you beyond the realm of simple realism. But many of the finest moments are left to Anne Shoemaker as Cybel, the understanding one, the voice of O'Neill's comment on the meaning of suffering. In all, a most notable play—not for the occasionally perverse and confused dregs of an older O'Neill it contains—but for its latent promise and momentary attainment of a lofty vision.

The Goat Song

THE latest offering of the Theater Guild is Goat Song by Franz Werfel—with a superb production and amazingly fine acting to carry the force of another of the modern allegorical plays. Like O'Neill's play, it seems to have baffled critics and audiences strangely unfamiliar with—or at best, forgetful of—the old morality plays which once constituted the finest heritage of authentic drama. For this popular misapprehension, the Theatre Guild program writer must shoulder much of the blame—for the notes on the play so obviously miss its only logical interpretation as to cast a deep fog over the whole performance.

Through the device of labeling characters with the soul qualities they represented, the morality plays made a double appeal to the instincts and the mind. The modern writers try the more difficult task of using symbolic characters and giving them names which fix them—or limit them—in time, place and individuals. One has to be tremendously on the alert to catch the occasional words and phrases which give the author's comment or indication of just what each character represents. There is the added danger of using symbols so powerful or obviously realistic as to overshadow the allegory. As one friend remarked

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to me recently, art finds itself broken down by the weight of its own arbitrary symbols. This is strikingly true of Goat Song.

In this play—which might be compared to the story of Job and his chastisements—two children of a wealthy family in distant Russia are used as the symbols of false shame and unseeing pride. The older child is a monster, half man, half animal, which the family has hidden in a stone hut on the estate. The younger son is normal, but has been brought up in total ignorance of the family shame—that unseeing pride which refuses to accept truth. A meddling doctor, imbued with the Voltairean spirit of unaided human reason, absent-mindedly loses the key to the monster's hiding place, and the latter breaks loose. Revolutionaries discover him and deify him as their god of vengeance and orgy. In the end, both brothers, twin evils of the human soul, are killed and their parents reduced to poverty and ruin. But, having lost their false shame and false pride, they have rediscovered youth. No longer ashamed of the fact that the animal nature is part of man, to be carried as the burden of humanity's pilgrimage, they discover, also, hope and the courage to face life as it is. Their last discovery, however, is that this animal nature is not to be killed entirely. During the orgy of the revolutionaries, the girl who was to have been married to their younger son was sacrificed to the monster. She is mothering his child.

This very brief and inadequate outline should make it plain that we have here a conflict—in terms of the theatre, at least—between the spiritual truth which Werfel is trying to describe and the over-weighty symbols he has used. Since the false pride and shame he shows us are the commonest sins of the worldly minded, it is not strange that the allegory should arouse resentment on its own account. It points an accusing finger. But the play does even more than the allegory. The objective symbols used are repellant on their own account. Science knows of and deals with monsters, but they are repugnant even in a museum or laboratory, independent of any symbolic meaning. So, too, with the orgy of the revolutionaries, which finally assumes the aspect of diabolism and a black mass. No matter how true it is that man yields to the satanic when he deifies the lower animal nature, the visual representation of a black mass orgy is in and of itself a repellant thing. We know, for example, that murderers often mangle their victims. Yet, it is rare indeed, except in the horror chamber of a Grand Guignol, to see mutilation depicted on the stage. It is not difficult to strike horror through sensual impressions. But it has always been the task of great art to subdue horror—to suggest rather than depict it—and to allow the intellect to deal with truths which stir the unguided instincts alone too profoundly and to the danger of destruction.

A calm appraisal of Goat Song, then, must rest on one's judgment of how far, in overstepping the usual bounds of artistic rendering, it has defeated its own purpose of telling a profoundly true and even beautiful allegory. Job on his dunghill is not a pleasant thought. At close quarters, and realistically depicted on stage or screen, it would lose most of its deep truth through the natural repulsion created. The theatre, with mixed and casual audiences, is not, of necessity, a medium without limits in realism and in symbols used. The moral truth and the inward beauty of parts of Goat Song seem beyond serious question although the preoccupation with diabolism is not healthy for the theatre. But its outward expression surpasses safe limits—indicating, one is led to feel, an undue fascination on the part of its author by the very material and subject matter whose destructive danger his mind sees so clearly.

In a large cast of extraordinary brilliancy, the work of Blanche Yurka, as the mother, and Lynn Fontanne, as the intended daughter-in-law, stand forth conspicuously. Few would have suspected Miss Fontanne's power of restrained, almost mute tragedy in the last act. In the small character part of a Jewish revolutionary, Edward Robinson again reveals his superb mastery of individual portraiture. George Gaul quite dominates the role of the father, with dignity and force, and Alfred Lunt, as the young and—for a time—possessed leader of the revolutionaries does all too well in gesture, movement and presence. The awful terror of the black mass is heightened through his work. But his voice is quite inadequate, both in quantity and intonation, to the demands made on it. He would become one of our greatest actors if he would have the courage to spend a year doing nothing else than train his voice and his diction to do his will.

The Paris Theatre Today

SO many captious critics—professionals as well as regular playgoers—have grumbled at the New York theatre output this season, that I feel it might be a hope-giving task to make a few comparisons between the work accomplished here and the almost stagnant condition of the Paris theatre—once a source of inspiration to the world. In a later number, I shall give a brief summary of a dozen or so plays fairly representative of the current Parisian stage—and then illustrate, by contrast, the almost feverish energy and activity of our own work. It is quite true that we have seen here numerous partial failures and that many of them must be attributed to carelessness in production, direction or casting. But the important thing is the desire—the urge—to do fine and interesting things. This is what the French theatre lacks and the American shows in abundance.

In Selecting Your Plays

Arms and the Man—Splendidly acted revival of Shaw's pleasantest comedy.
By the Way—An English review of charm.
Craig's Wife—Excellent portraiture and acting in a play of awkward construction and muddled thinking.
Easy Come, Easy Go—A mildly amusing Owen Davis farce.
Is Zat So?—The best character comedy of the year, hung on a poor plot.
Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio—Splendid object lesson in finest type of repertory acting.
Princess Flavia—The Prisoner of Zenda, delightfully adapted as a musical play.
Stronger than Love—Filial love made the motive for one intensely dramatic scene.
The Butter and Egg Man—Mostly good comedy spoiled by occasional offensively bad taste.
The Dream Play—The most important of the symbolical plays now running.
The Dybbuk—A masterly production of Ansky's Jewish mystical drama.
The Enemy—Mr. Pollock falls down on a good theme.
The Green Hat—Mr. Arlen's weak-willed heroine obscured by the glamor of Katherine Cornell's acting.
The New Charlot Review—You can save money by not going.
The Vortex—Starts anywhere and ends nowhere, but has good theatrical quality in two scenes.
Tip-Toes—All that is satisfying in a musical comedy.
Young Blood—Helen Hayes battles with a bewildered author's flounderings.
Young Woodley—A lyric and courageous play for a limited and mature audience only.

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BOOKS

The Diplomatic Relations of Great Britain and the United States, by R. B. Mowat. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $5.50.

IN reviewing this very readable volume my memory goes back to the meagre school histories of my childhood, to the very entertaining partisan romances of the Revolution (still extant in the 'eighties, and now eagerly sought by the sturdy pioneers of Oklahoma as "background," with southern portraits, for their duplex apartments in New York) and particularly to the tales and anecdotes and personal recollections of our older sea veterans among whom my childhood grew to youth; of the all too frequent clashes between our navies in the outports, following 1812, and in the years immediately after the Civil War. One recalls "Old Josh" who in memory of 1812, made it a point of honor in later years to challenge every British man-of-war to duel, from the captain down, wherever his ship met the British navy in foreign ports. One remembers the gruff American captain stationed on the China coast who threatened—in the 'seventies—to sink any British boat's crew that persisted in serenading him with "confederate" ditties, and who trained an Irish seaman with a foghorn voice to treat all British war vessels to the rousing chorus of: "Keep your sword, says Hull, if it makes you feel so dull! Come aft and have a little drop of brandy—oh!"

One goes back to the bitter fights which followed—in Continental schools—some casual insult to the "Engliches"; necessary fights since there was an "insult," and consequent dark hatred of everything British, since most unwillingly one was forced to fight their battles. At that time and later, in my first diplomatic contacts with Englishmen, I would have given fullest assent to the recent dictum of a professor at a middle-western college: "Any American who would make common cause with Britain in anything is a traitor or a blind fool."

For nearly two decades before the world war I had fullest opportunity to observe British policies in the outposts of the western world, under highly favorable conditions—in the Far East, in Latin America, in many parts of the globe where policies go naked. Later, in the heart of England, I watched England at war, and dealt with Englishmen upon one of the most delicate problems the war threw up between us—cotton, which, as one of them told me, must be controlled without alienating President Wilson's cotton-growing constituency.

The net result of that long and intimate experience is full agreement with the first lines of R. B. Mowat's preface: "It is a commonplace to say that a war between Great Britain and the United States would be unnatural, and that it should be abhorrent to the people of both countries. The noteworthy thing is that the same thing was said over a hundred and forty years ago, from the very moment that the United States became independent."

I would go further than that statement. My experience teaches me that the average Englishman is not a clever dissimulator. He can never mask dislike with real success; he is never long successful in counterfeiting affection—it bores him. Englishmen rarely understand America. Quite frequently they do not like us individually or collectively. Quite usually there lurks in the deep recesses of the American of English descent some ill-defined resentment of the Englishman blended with a certain admiration of his life and of his political institutions. I have sometimes speculated on the measure in which this resentment might be ascribed to a subconscious, unformulated anger against having been driven into the wilderness, for political or for religious reasons, from a comfortable home. In spite of these suspicions and resentments on the one hand, and of dislike or misunderstanding on the other, the striking fact stands out that neither war nor threat of war nor conflicting economic interests have deflected the two nations as nations from a common path in world affairs. The fact is that the "common cause" of our middle-western professor has existed since the very rupture of the colonies from the centre of government, in spite of the efforts of large groups on both sides to make the rupture complete. On our own side has entered very largely the secular misgovernment of Ireland through which was planted among us, through an important and virile element of our new citizenry, a deep and bitter hostility to England upon the fertile soil of revolutionary tradition, which has had to be reckoned with in politics, sometimes, unfortunately, as a "Catholic" attitude.

In Ireland from all accounts (and this is not irrelevant) that ingrained bitterness has all but disappeared, since the Irish have stood up to their ancient enemy and won their fight. With us it still persists, though perhaps, under the new relation of Ireland to the British empire, as an anomaly, slowly decreasing in importance in the course of years.

Certainly, the Americanism of Benjamin Franklin has not yet been successfully impugned, nor yet his native astuteness, nor his outstanding diplomatic ability and statesmanship. Yet Franklin, delegated with our French allies to negotiate a treaty of peace with the public enemy, entered at once and with amazing frankness into direct though secret relations with "the enemy," recognizing fundamental community of interest no matter how important the points of irreconcilable divergence might be. The relation has been the same ever since. It has always been possible, between the two nations, to appeal to a common fund of sound sense, of common sense, even in the most trying circumstances. It must be admitted, and I can personally confirm it, that the British government and English people have swallowed things from us that they would not have accepted from anyone else, and that we would not have tolerated for an instant from anyone on earth.

The author touches lightly on the case of Sir Lionel Carden, a sacrifice to greater interests (in spite of Mr. Burton Kendrick) if ever there was one. It was the one total mistake of Page's most successful diplomatic career. I knew Sir Lionel intimately; we differed on many points. He knew Mexico as no American has ever known that country. His adventures from early youth in South America (if Lady Carden can be prevailed upon to publish) will form one of the most fascinating romances of biography yet to come. He was obstinate and stood in the way of a mistaken policy in Mexico, and was sacrificed, because a point was made of his elimination, in the interest of the common cause. The author also refers to Senator Lodge's cold scrutiny of British policies. That had its valid reason; it was the scrutiny an experienced and balanced statesman would extend to the the acts and policies of the opposing political party in his own land.

No one would contend that either the United States or the British empire should subordinate to the other its own vital interests, or fail to advance them by every legitimate means. The point is that from our earliest diplomatic history a way has been found to prevent those vital interests from clashing with fatal results. That is the thesis of the author; my own would add that in the process the other side has borne with

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us, on the whole, more patiently than we have with them; that on the whole, the British policy of good will to us (from whatever motive) has been more consistent than has been our deliberate intention to keep the peace with them. Peace has been preserved and the fact stands, a remarkable monument to statesmanship and diplomacy on both sides.

All this the author treats, from a wealth of American and English diplomatic history and reminiscences of participants, lightly and in friendly fashion, copiously threaded with amusing anecdote, illustrating certain consistent traits of American character in spite of some complicated ethnological changes. Lawrence Oliphant, most picturesque of adventurers, has helped him greatly in some lighter parts. Thus his epitaph to Robert Tombs, "a Democrat, the introducer of the Kansas-Nebraska bill in the Senate," who said to Lord Elgin with a certain pompous air still current in Washington: "My lord, we are about to relume the torch of liberty upon the altar of slavery." The hostess, overhearing the remark, struck in with the most silvery accents imaginable, and said: "Oh, I am so glad to hear you say that again, Senator; for I told my husband you had made use of the same expression to me yesterday, and he said you would not have talked such nonsense to anybody but a woman!"

It is a certain conclusion to any one who will read the history of the relations of the United States and Great Britain, without partisanship, without prejudice, that it is wholly possible for some groups of men, for some nations, to maintain peaceful and in the long run, friendly, relations, even though each may in turn reverse a "vital" position according to whose ox is gored, in spite of irritation and conflicting "fundamental" interest—in spite of the mention of "war," the ultimate challenge to a nation's pride and manhood. It would be interesting to follow through that conclusion, to ascertain by trial and error, how many more nations could be dealt with on this basis. It may be asserted with confidence that American statesmanship has, in general, truly endeavored to set its course by that chart.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Aricie Brun, by Emile Henriot; translated by Henry Longan Stuart. New York: The Viking Press. $2.00.

ARICIE BRUN, an Englished version of the novel by Emile Henriot, which won the Grand Prix du Roman two years ago in France, is one more example of a type of novel which has been used in English and American fiction rather as a satire than as a moral lesson since Jane Austen in Sense and Sensibility first showed its opportunities for social sarcasm. The family as an entity is far weaker in Anglo-Saxon countries than upon the continent of Europe, and resistence to its demands by the individual has come to be almost a foregone conclusion. It is always with a feeling of exasperation that the English or American reader finds devotion to the family group, as expressed by its heads, expounded as a motive that should outweigh passion or sentiment. Tyrannically or unjustly administered, there is not the slightest doubt that this authority has been responsible for a great deal of human unhappiness. But the tendency to represent it as an affair of the head and will alone, in which the heart bore no part, is altogether misleading. Certainly this is no moment, when thinkers all over the world are lamenting the loosening of the corporate discipline implied in family life, to miss any lesson a novel upon the theme may have to teach.

In Aricie Brun we are shown the rise of one branch of a simple, hard-working family of shop-keepers in Bordeaux from cottage to shop, from the shop to "big business" and wealth. Concurrently with the social elevation of one side of the house, we watch the failure of the other to meet the petty and exacting demands of commercial life in a French provincial city, and its final fall into bankruptcy. The reactions of this very diverse fortune upon the faith and affections of the people subject to its chances is shown us through the eyes and thoughts of "Aunt Aricie" a stately and white-haired old maid who has become a legendary and awe-inspiring figure to the younger generation of Bruns and Coutres, but whose life-story is one of the most pathetic portrayals that fiction has ever given us of the type of human creature with whom self-sacrifice and thought for others is an instinct. "I give the name of virtue," says M. Henriot, on his title page, quoting a passage from Henri Beyle, "to the habit of performing actions which are painful to ourselves and serviceable to others."

From a little draper's shop in Bordeaux at the beginning of the reign of Louis Philippe, two sisters are married. One finds a husband who has a keen nose for profits and a passion for social climbing. The other marries, for pure love, a young peasant who is assistant behind the counter of the paternal store. Aricie is the daughter of the unworldly sister. A poor little Cinderella, very ignorant and untaught, with only a fair share of wholesome good looks, but with an instinctive love for everything that is fine and noble and generous, she finds herself, almost from childhood, the prey of dull and ignoble minds, and the drudge of selfish relatives who think their wealth gives them the right to preëmpt her services day and night. Her fairy prince comes to her early, a young cavalry officer, unbelievably handsome and brave, who rides into the courtyard of the little house with a billet in his hand, and to whose heart the sunny innocent face and frank eyes go straight as a sword-thrust. But the fairy prince is killed on the barricades of revolutionary Paris. Poor Aricie's life passes in a sort of trance of abnegation amid her prosperous cousins, tending the old, nursing the sick, smoothing other people's love troubles, pressing other people's children against a breast that was made to nurse her own.

"There were days when I was so tired—so tired I would like to have lain down on the ground," (it is thus she confesses her secret chagrins late in life to the young wife of her favorite nephew) "just not to move, to sleep, to let the hours pass over me with their worries and tasks . . . And then . . . I would suddenly remember, and I went on . . . on . . . A child would cry, or uncle would call me, or my aunt's bell . . . Never a smile . . . Never a happy face . . . They were not bad people, oh, no! But they were rude and proud. Old or young, they would have been ashamed of seeming amiable."

Two things, however, Aricie keeps alive in her heart. One is her faith, of the old, unsentimental Gallican type. Another is a sense that a family is a sacred thing, that love—loyalty between beings of the same blood—hardly second to love of country, is the one thing to cling to when the world is rocking. This religion she not only teaches to one generation after another but keeps alive by a daily correspondence that reaches every corner of France. As was the case with Queen Victoria, her cult attains, toward the close of her long life, the proportions of veritable ancestor worship. Her year is a calendar of birth, marriage, and obituary dates. She herself dies, a very old woman, only a few weeks after the outbreak of the Great War but not before some of the lives over which she

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has watched so unremittingly have passed to Moloch. There is something appalling in the thought of the complexity of French family life, faced with the blind fortune of war.

Aricie Brun is not only a human, but a social document as well. Covering, as it does, the years between 1800 and 1914, or a little over a century, it gives us, within the limits of a single family group, but especially in the person of old Barthelemy Lesprat, Aricie's grandfather, and his successor, Prosper Coutre, the process that has underplowed the entire hierarchy, political and economic, of France.

"In his arm-chair . . . this patriarch, cravated in snowy muslin, his frock-coat buttoned tightly across his chest, was something more than a deaf, childish, impotent old man. He became the symbol, perfect and accomplished, of half a century of effort, of enterprise and success,—the wealthy bourgeois, the man of the Third Estate, arrived, by his own efforts, at the top of the commercial ladder. . . . Even into their manner of pronouncing his simple name: 'Monsieur Lesprat,' an involuntary respect entered."

T. C.

A History of England, B. C. 54—A. D. 1066, Volume 1, by Hilaire Belloc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75.

HISTORY may be a chronicle or an interpretation. At its best it is both. In this volume, Mr. Belloc contrives the combination with happy results. His chronicle is accompanied by numerous diagrams and maps to aid in visualization, and frequent recapitulations to link up the chain of events and refresh the reader's memory. This method brings out the story in strong relief, making what otherwise would prove dull and flat, sharp and vivid. Mr. Belloc also interprets the story with all the tang and savor for which he is noted. He is always pointed, compact, and uncompromising.

He propounds and maintains a certain thesis vigorously, the same thesis he formulates and elucidates in his Europe and the Faith, namely, that the Faith is Europe and Europe is the Faith, that the soul of Europe is the Catholic Church, the visible corporate and mystical embodiment of the supernatural revelation of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. That corporate and mystical institution seized upon and transmitted to us all that was good of the dying Roman empire, built upon the noble foundations of classical antiquity the European structure, breathed its life into, created and moulded the new polity which is historically known as western civilization.

Mr. Belloc's thesis squarely controverts conventional history which has so long flooded the channels of popular information from academic sources infected with sectarian and secular philosophies.

In face of Mr. Belloc's contention, the theory that the roots of English civilization are Anglo-Saxon disappears. The notion that the barbarian raids, composed of Saxons and other Germanic peoples, inundated England during the fifth and sixth centuries and submerged the native population, Mr. Belloc strenuously insists is not true. What happened in England is what happened on the continent—raids and incursions by barbarian pirates insufficient in force and numbers to make anything but a superficial impression upon the native stock and then only upon the fringes of the populations attacked. "The stock of the English, their blood," he avers, "has been much the same throughout all recorded time. There has been some influx of new strains, easily absorbed, though continuous." "Foreign invaders," he declares, "have always been small in numbers compared with the total population, and have been reduced at last to the native type."

English institutions, he avers just as emphatically, derive from the Roman empire under whose government England endured for three centuries. The barbarians had neither civilization nor institutions to give. After the Roman legions withdrew from the island, in 410 A. D., we have no record for the 187 years following, which make a blank in English history, England being cut off for all that period from European unity. In 597 communication with the continent and Rome was restored through the mission of Saint Augustine of Autun. During the two centuries of its isolation, England had lapsed into "a barbarous heap of tiny wrangling kinglings—fifty or more—half of them trampled back into a new savage heathenism and half in a declined and warped Christian tradition."

At the end of the fifth century England was drawn back into European unity and gradually restored to civilization by the organized might of the Catholic Church, and remained Catholic up to the time of the Reformation.

Mr. Belloc's main point, which he is at pains to iterate and keep constantly in the purview of the reader, is that England derives her civilization from pagan Rome and the Catholic Church. This runs like a constantly recurring leitmotif throughout his narrative, and with insistant stress is coördinated with all the episodes of the story.

It is a viewpoint from the inside and not the outside of European history—an inner vision of the Catholic conscience of history, "that is, an intimate knowledge through the intuition of a thing which is one with the knower," as Mr. Belloc himself says in his introduction to his Europe and the Faith. The outsider, the sectarian or the secular mind possesses no such vision or even the aptitude for such vision. A stained-glass window seen from the outside presents a dull and opaque surface, seamed with leaden lines and grimed with the dust and smoke of the streets; seen from the inside, it becomes a flaming transparency, illuminate with light, rich in color and depth, glowing with the beauty of design and form. It is only the vision from the inside that gives us the true story. Any other interpretation of Europe fails in unity and consistency amid a welter of theories, views, opinions, and distortions.

The Norman invasion in 1066 A. D., Mr. Belloc holds to have been a happy rescue of the distracted country from the chaos brought about by the rapacity and greed of the dominant English rich families. The Normans—erroneously called Northmen, since they were really Gallic in constitution and habit—imposed organization and order where before was only the anarchy of constant conflict between the contending claimants for power in the island.

This view will prove something of a shock to the reader whose knowledge has been gathered from the conventional school, and who has complacently accepted and sympathized with the Anglo-Saxon myth. Indeed, Mr. Belloc's entire treatment of the first eleven centuries of English history is a striking challenge to the hitherto usually accepted view. He presents his position with rare lucidity, precision and interest, and has made a notable contribution to the new writing of history.

CONDÉ B. PALLEN.

The Journal of the American Irish Historical Society: Volume XXIV, for year 1925. New York: Published by the Society.

NOTICE of the twenty-fourth issue of the Journal of the American Irish Historical society has been taken in another part of this issue, but, in justice to the research and industry which its leading articles represent, more remains to

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be said after the lessons it teaches have been assigned their proper place as contributions to American history.

A criticism one often hears made upon these simple records of the careers of Americans when they are grouped together under the category of race, is that they tend to perpetuate a feeling of national separateness, and that, while they are interesting footnotes enough, they are in no sense necessary to an understanding of a national history, which is, and must remain, primarily American. In other words, that they are a species of cross-indexing, of purely academic interest, and even slightly to be deplored as suggesting that the big boys among historians are neglecting their task. "No one denies [this is a fairly frequent form of sub-acid comment upon them] that men of diverse race have done great and outstanding work in the upbuilding of the country. But is not insistence upon their origins a defensive gesture that defeats its own purpose by creating a feeling of antagonism and rivalry?"

The best answer to this form of criticism so far as the book under notice is concerned, is that, if the share of the Irish race in America's making is not denied directly, it is denied, probably a hundred times a month, by implication. It is denied every time the attempt is made to lend the history of America a homogeneity which it does not possess and to claim for its civilization a distinctively Protestant and Anglo-Saxon tincture, to the exclusion of other strains, which have contributed of their best. An instance that would be amusing were it not so typical of tendencies that are tedious through their very repetition, is given by Mr. Michael O' Brien, the historiographer of the society, in an article entitled the Scotch-Irish Myth. At an exhibition, America's Making, held in New York in the fall of 1921, Mr. O'Brien's watchful eye detected, among famous Americans claimed as of "Scotch descent" the names of Matthew Thornton of Limerick, Edward and John Rutledge of Longford, Robert Fulton, whose father, Robert Fulton, came from Kilkenny, and a round dozen of other names of men whose ancestry he has no difficulty in proving, from their own words, were Irish in every sense of the word. So long as misleading statements are made whose intention is too clear to allow the suspicion of accident, so long will records such as the American Irish society publish be necessary as a corrective.

Mr. Michael O'Brien's articles upon the early Irish settlers in Virginia and Connecticut, are packed with interesting and little known facts. We learn that William McKinley's grand-uncle was "a rebel against English law in Ireland and was hanged in his own home in the presence of his wife and children . . . on June 16, 1798." Also that "during the insurrection under Robert Emmet in 1803 . . . Robert Fulton volunteered to go to Ireland and to operate his submarine on the English ships," and that Andrew Jackson was the descendant of a family whose name, under the infamous penal laws, was changed from O'Neil in the sixteenth century. Among industrial pioneers whose descent records set beyond doubt, we meet Captain Thomas Hawkins, of Galway, a pioneer in the ship-building industry in New England in the seventeenth century; Jeremiah Smith, the first paper manufacturer; John Hannon, the first chocolate manufacturer; and Benjamin Crehore, of Milton, Massachusetts, who made the first American piano—and, incidentally the first anatomical artificial leg.

One thing is clear from such records as the American Irish Historical society publishes periodically. It is an historical fact that has, so to speak, entered into Irish consciousness, but is not as familiar as it ought to be to their fellow citizens of other races. Any attempt to class the Irish immigrant as "prole-

Next Week—

THE REVELLER

A One-act Play

***By* DANIEL SARGENT**

THE COMMONWEAL publishes for the first time a one-act play dealing with the life of St. Francis of Assisi. Mr. Sargent's study of The Little Poor Man combines a rare and moving poetic feeling with a fine sense of the theatre which recalls Laurence Housman's earlier treatment of St. Francis. Of all the saints of the Church, Francis has made the greatest appeal to writers as material to test their talents. Chesterton, Housman, Father Cuthbert, Maurice Francis Egan, and Johannes Jorgensen are to mention only a few who have paid tribute to the beauty of the life of the patron of humanity. The Reveller, with special music arranged by Charles Martin Loeffler, was recently produced by the Tavern Club of Boston with unusual success.

The Editors of The Commonweal call special attention to

AN EDITOR'S PROGRESS

A Series of Four Articles

***By* A. R. ORAGE**

The founder and for many years the editor of one of the most brilliant and thought-provoking of modern periodicals, The New Age, of London, Mr. Orage is also the author of many important books dealing with literature, psychology, and proposed economic reforms. Among these books are: The Dionysian Spirit of The Age; Nietzsche in Outline and Aphorism; Consciousness, Animal, Human, and Super-Man; National Guilds (Editor); Readers and Writers; and, in collaboration with Major C. H. Douglas, Credit Power and Democracy.

In the series of articles beginning in this number of THE COMMONWEAL, Mr. Orage not only describes most interestingly his experiences as editor of The New Age, but also relates his interest in and exposition of many proposed social reforms, such as socialism, the guild program, and the "Social Credit Plan" proposed by Major C. H. Douglas. How Mr. Orage reached the conclusion presented in the final article of his series, namely, that all proposed social reforms are valueless without religion, makes his articles a human document of immense general interest and importance.

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tarian" on the score of his poverty when he landed is quite misleading. If he was poor, he was poor because he was robbed; if he was unlettered, he was unlettered because the ancient culture of his race was outlawed, and could only be conveyed to him by some 'hedge scholar" as furtively as his religion by some fugitive priest. Even as the world counts such things, his blood was often gentler than that of the pinchbeck and alien "aristocracy" which had supplanted and expropriated him. When he resumed the social and economic status to which his traditions and his talents entitled him, in a bigger country and a freer air, he was only entering upon a birthright of which the most revolting code of law which discredits any country (Islam and old Russia hardly excepted) had roughly deprived him.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

Boy Guidance, edited by Kilian Hennrich. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.00.

TO anyone interested in the moral and physical training of Catholic boys this is a very interesting volume. It consists of a series of brief studies by prominent leaders of the Boys' Brigade, the great Catholic equivalent of Baden-Powell's Boy Scouts. Everyone knows that the problems of crime and juvenile delinquency, which have seemed to increase in our country since the war, have shifted a much needed emphasis upon American youth in our time. It is most true that a boy's future life usually depends upon his first fifteen years. It is also true that, other things being equal, the triple force of Church, home and school—environment, in a word—can hardly be overstressed. We have heard an eloquent Paulist priest even go so far as to say that, if the home and the school do not combine to shape properly a boy's character, the Church finds her hands tied and is rendered helpless so far as an individual is concerned.

It is to complement in concise form these axioms that Father Kirsch, Father Kilian, Father Sullivan and others have written this book. Naturally, the best articles therein are contributed by the clergy. Many priests owe to their character as confessors an ability to sound the depths of juvenile psychology to a degree not often found among lay leaders, however well-intentioned. Our one objection to these studies is that they are occasionally not sufficiently searching, and that they sometimes evade the real point in certain instances. To say that a boy can be cured of blasphemy by making him substitute such expressions as "O, thunder" will never prove an efficacious principle in the west fifties. To say that sex education in the class-room is undesirable may be sound enough, but it is far from sound to dismiss, as unworthy of consideration, the question of whether there should be any sex education at all. It is like the Christian Scientist shelving the problems of sin and suffering by refusing to admit that they exist. The whole trouble with these good little books dealing with boys is that they lack a certain realism of outlook. Let us be frank and admit the plain fact that, lacking the Sacraments and even a candid and healthy information, the average boy from ten to sixteen is an animal. It is to evade the real issue to say that sex instruction is wrong because it may "harm the innocent." There are no innocent, or they are very rare; there are only the ignorant and the ill-informed. Innocence can no more be recovered than can an incomprehension of the Holy Name, considered as a blasphemy. But purity can be, and so can cleanness of speech. It is at this point that the influence of home and confessor must surpass in importance even such beneficial groups as the Boys' Brigade. The individual may be diverted but he is seldom saved by societies.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

The Cavalier Spirit, by Cyril Hughes Hartmann. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

THE popularity of poetic anthologies has revived interest in the seventeenth century. Just now Donne is probably read quite as widely as Milton; and the lesser Cavaliers follow him into the foreground, with their lyrics, rapiers, ladies, and bold honor. The present interpretative essay by Mr. Hartmann is an attempt to etch the personality of Richard Lovelace, and, incidentally, to give an unimpeachable text of some of his best verse. On the whole, the attempt has been made successfully. No claim is laid to originality of material, but the author handles very skilfully such matters as the identity of that Lucasta to whom one of England's best lyrics was addressed, On Going to the Warres.

Although the abbreviated form of Lux Chasta is only another example of that whimsical symbolism of which the Caroline period was so fond, it is comforting to believe—though we can never know certainly—that she was probably a very human Lucy with charms from which it might be difficult to part. Lovelace himself fades from view with his king, into the pale oblivion which Puritans cast upon all the gayety and graces of their time. But Mr. Hartmann is very properly concerned most with the brighter moments of the story—moments like those when, at the close of an Oxford festival which the master of pageantry, Inigo Jones, had made illustrious with play and dance, a beautiful lady of the court begged and obtained for Lovelace the degree of Master of Arts. How charming education—and much beside—must have been in those swift days before grim Cromwell had closed his iron hand! Sometimes, however, our author is more soberly thoughtful, as when he finds (the distinction is treasureable) that the Cavaliers were, first of all, lovers of England, while the Puritan was primarily a lover of liberty. In a sense, Milton was the first great Protestant internationalist.

Mr. Hartmann's book is helped not a little by a series of excellent illustrations, some of them little known. The beautiful, dreamy face of Lovelace's Althea is another reason for asking the question: "Where are the snows of yesteryear?" It is good to know that the twentieth century will have its revenge upon the Puritan.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

The Poems of Catullus in English Verse, by Hugh Macnaghten. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

HUGH MACNAGHTEN, author of The Story of Catullus, has produced a delightful little volume of the original text of his poet, faced with very clever and harmonious versions of all his poems and the fragments that are extant. The translator adds a metrical Envoy, very sympathetic with the spirit of his Catullus:

"I only ask you just to look
One moment at this little book,
To open it and just to glance,
Whate'er the page on which you chance,
At any lyric gay or sad—
Catullus is a starry lad,
And if you bring him to the test,
Believe me, he will do the rest."

T. W.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Bitter cold was the night," quoth Dr. Angelicus in his best raconteur style, and settling back in his chair, "when the poets met last week for their annual dinner."

"I knew it was in the nature of poets to be starving, but I never dreamed that they only had one dinner a year. How terrible!" exclaimed Miss Anonymoncule, a trace of tears in her voice.

"There, there, child," said the kindly Doctor, "don't distress yourself. The poets I know eat efficiently and often—at least the best ones do. The evening I speak of was the annual gathering of the Poetry society—and to relieve your concern I will say that I saw few emaciated poets there, and that one or two were even decidedly plump."

"Isn't that considered a handicap for a poet?" asked Miss Brynmarian.

"I shall have to remind you once more," said Dr. Angelicus with dignity," that not only were some of our greatest saints inclined toward stoutness, but many of the world's most eminent poets. For instance"—

"But go on about the dinner," interrupted the Editor. "Were you fortified with real food, or was it merely a feast for the soul garnished with old and new verse?"

"There was food for body and soul," said the Doctor, "but to go back to my original thought—bitter cold was the night, and a frigid wind did howl about the eaves."

"Of course it did," said Hereticus. "For when will the Eves learn to dress as warmly as the Adams?"

* * *

"There was something," continued the Doctor, ignoring him, "about that meeting that was atavistic of the centuries-old garret tradition of poets—for they chose as their rendezvous in New York, the roof of the Hotel Astor—in mid-winter—the nearest approach to a wind-swept garret that I can think of."

"I hate to think of the poor things with red noses and frost-bitten toes," sighed Miss Anonymoncule.

"Oh—was Robert Frost there?" absently asked Primus Criticus, who had been paying more attention to the photographs of actresses in the picture section of the Sunday paper than to the discussion.

"I shall be glad to tell you all about the evening if you will be good enough to give me your attention," remarked the Doctor. "As I was saying, bitter cold was the night, and the guests had all sent out for their wraps, when Mary Eleanor Roberts, the Philadelphia poet, arose to make her speech and said—'Each of us has his or her own definition of poetry. Mine classifies it as something that makes cold shivers run up and down my spine.'

"'We are well met, then,' cried a voice from the floor muffled in three layers of wool scarf."

* * *

"Who were the speakers?" asked the Editor.

"Arthur Guiterman, the president of the society, presided, and John Erskine, Witter Bynner, and William Beebe were among those who addressed it. John Erskine was, perhaps, the one awaited with keenest impatience, everyone just having read, or reading, The Private Life of Helen of Troy.

"Oh, I wish I had been there to ask him questions," exclaimed Miss Brynmarian. "It seems to me that he has not been quite gallant in giving such undue publicity to Helen. Why didn't

They have given an example of heroic virtue that ought never to be lost to that land to which their spirits gave their brave dust.—*N. Y. Times.*

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he write The Private Life of Paris? I'm sure it was more Paris's fault than Helen's, anyway."

"You are insulting Helen," said Hereticus. "Do you think for a moment that she would like to be robbed of the credit for launching that famous thousand ships?"

"Edwin Arlington Robinson was there," continued the Doctor, "and he and Kathryn White Ryan reminisced over a summer at Peterborough when they had played pool together between writing poems. I protested that somehow pool for poets seemed almost immoral. 'It was, in our case,' confessed Mr. Robinson, 'so badly did we play it.' "

"If the lady poets had worn the new shades, at least they might have *looked* warmer," reflected Miss Anonymoncule. "A news item states that the fashionable spring colors will be claret and absinthe—colors, indeed, of warm association. The writer asks: 'Will the prohibition enforcers regard the wearing of these as defiance of the law?' "

* * *

"Here," remarked Primus Criticus from the depths of his paper, "is an item which states that the Wesleyan University faculty is giving organ recitals late each day during the mid-year examinations so that tired students, exhausted by study, may find rest and relaxation."

"An excellent idea," said the Editor, yawning over a sheaf of manuscripts. "But how much better it would be to have music for tired editors. Which of you play a musical instrument?" he asked.

"I play the piano," said Miss Brynmarian," and I would be glad"—

"My technique on the trombone is considered excellent," interrupted the Doctor, "and I should be most happy"—

"The drum is my instrument," intervened Primus Criticus, "and people tell me that"—

"I'm taking lessons on the saxophone," interrupted Tittivillus eagerly, "and if you like"—

"Ah," said the Editor regretfully, as he started for the door with a rather hunted expression, "you are all very kind. But I'm afraid nothing but the zither, muted, would satisfy me."

* * *

"There was something I had on my mind," remarked Dr. Angelicus after a silence. "Why has nobody invented a daily dozen for exhausted editors?"

"But somebody has," said Miss Brynmarian promptly. "I'll be awfully glad to show you"—

"I never ask for proof," replied the Doctor grimly, "but proof is always thrust upon me. Do you happen to know if there is anything like an automatic editor?"

"There is a Mr. Pistol," declared Hereticus, with the innocence so characteristic of him.

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CONTRIBUTORS

DR. FULTON J. SHEEN is the only American fellow of the University of Louvain. He is author of God and Intelligence.

HENRY SOMERVILLE is an English writer on political and economic subjects, and correspondent for The Toronto Star.

A. R. ORAGE, formerly editor of The New Age, is author of the Dionysian Spirit of the Age, Readers and Writers, and other books.

LORETTA ROCHE, MAY LEWIS, and JOHN SHERRY MANGAN are well known among the poets of today.

HILAIRE BELLOC is an English authority on history and politics: he is author of The Path to Rome, and Europe and the Faith.

V. B. METTA is a new contributor to The Commonweal.

ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL is the author of The Law of Life, and is a contributor of essays on art to the magazines.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS, author and diplomat, is well known to the readers of The Commonweal.

CONDÉ B. PALLEN was managing editor of The Catholic Encyclopedia. He is author of The New Rubaiyat, and The Feast of Thalarchus.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT is a general contributor to the current reviews.

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